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LAST SESSION AND NEXT.

THE first Cabinet Council in anticipation of the coming Session is to be held this week, and the very serious question has to be discussed and decided what measures are to be proposed by the Government when Parliament re-assembles. All the representatives of the Government in their autumnal speeches have concurred in pronouncing themselves free from any blame for the failures of last Session. They deny that there were any failures. It was not a sterile Session. They carried half the great measures they proposed, and above a hundred measures of minor importance. Some time was undoubtedly lost, but that was owing to the factiousness of the Opposition. Having nothing to repent of, they cannot expect to be penitent. Having done nothing to shake the confidence of their supporters, they feel no alarm. This is their line of talking wherever they have spoken, and perhaps, as no one stands up for those who do not stand up for themselves, there may have been some worldly wisdom in this public assertion of their eminent qualities and success as exhibited last Session. But it is impossible to believe that the same tone will prevail when they meet in the quiet seclusion of a Cabinet Council. Lessons have been taught them which they are not at all likely to forget. Whether last Session was or was not sterile is a matter of history, or, perhaps, a mere matter of words. But for the purposes of the coming Session it is only important to notice that last Session found the Ministry making three great mistakes, and it is not likely that they will fail to do their best to avoid falling into these mistakes next year, however much they may wish to wear the appearance of having nothing to learn. These mistakes were, that they brought in many more great measures than they could possibly carry; that many of their chief Bills were exceedingly badly drawn, being mere sketches of Bills and medleys of crotchets, rather than coherent measures; and that, especially in the case of the Home Department, the officials in charge of them appeared plainly beneath the level of the task imposed on them. To bring in fewer Bills next year, to consider those brought in very carefully, and to give the weak members of the Cabinet the benefit of the advice and control of the stronger members, is a course so obviously recommended by every consideration of prudence and self-respect that the Cabinet is not at all likely to neglect it. Moreover, if the restless activity of Mr. GLADSTONE and his burning desire to redress and remove all public grievances and evils can be once so far subdued as to make him willing to have a comparatively short list of Government measures, it is quite in accordance with the whole bent of his intellect and character to like to have his Bills thoroughly worked out and defensible in detail as well as in principle; and he is so fond of work that it will be a relief rather than a burden to him to do Mr. BRUCE's work as well as his own.

The time for legislation at the disposal of the Government in a Session is limited not only by the motions and Bills of private members, and by the conduct of a large amount of ordinary and routine business, but by the necessary discussion of public questions on which they are challenged to express an opinion and to defend or announce their decisions. It is almost a matter of accident how many such questions will arise in any Session, but in every Session there must be some, and their discussion is often tedious, and often very anxious and dangerous, work for Ministries. It is not difficult to see what some of these questions will be next Session. In the first place, there is Ireland as usual stopping the way. Mr. GLADSTONE lately said that he was very glad that Mr. BUTT should be in the House of Commons in order to say what can be said for Home Rule. Mr. BUTT and his friends, then,

will have their outing next Session; and as the matter to be discussed will go to the very root of the whole Imperial policy of Great Britain, it is not to be expected that it will be very summarily disposed of. Then Trinity College, Dublin, will once more make its way to the front, and the plea of want of time to consider the point at issue will not be available to a Ministry anxious to trim between its Ultramontane and its Liberal friends. The English Nonconformists, again, consider they have a grievance in regard to the working of the Education Bill; and as they are by no means a modest or retiring body, they are sure to make their roaring heard. But, above all, Mr. CARDWELL is expected very shortly to issue a comprehensive edict remodelling the army; and as there are a great many army men in the House who do not at all like the notion of their profession being remodelled, they will be urgent and frequent in criticizing all that has been done, and in questioning Mr. CARDWELL as to his meaning and intentions on a great variety of details. The work of the Government, apart from their legislative work, promises to be very heavy next Session, and will probably be of a nature to demand great tact and judgment on the part of the Ministers, so as not to alienate different sections of their adherents. On the other hand there appears likely, so far as can be judged at present, to be a complete lull in foreign politics, except perhaps with regard to the Commercial Treaty with France. The Ministry will have, on the whole, much more of this outside work on their hands than they had in the first two Sessions of their career, but they will not have more than may be expected in the average of Sessions. It also seems to be true, as they take every opportunity of stating, that the country does not at all wish to get rid of them; and all those who recognise the great services rendered by Mr. GLADSTONE to the advancement of wise and liberal legislation in his first two Sessions ought to be perfectly ready to forget the mistakes and blunders of last Session, if they found an honest desire to avoid them next year. The Government is still a strong Government, and although the country has, so far as can be judged, approved of the conduct of the Lords in requiring the Ballot Bill to be brought on for debate in the Upper House at a proper period of the Session, and Ministerial speakers have lately abstained from the attitude of fierce opposition to the Lords which they were at one time inclined to assume, the country has also, it must be acknowledged, quietly accepted Mr. GLADSTONE's violent use of Prerogative in carrying the abolition of purchase. When Parliament meets at the beginning of next year, it will probably be as true then as it was at the beginning of this year, that no one will be able to unmake the Government except the man who made it.

The Ballot Bill, the Scotch Education Bill, and the Mines Regulation Bill, are the three primary measures to which the Government stands pledged for next Session. The first thing the Cabinet has to do is to see that these three Bills are presented to the House of Commons in the very best possible shape that can be secured by care, patience, and breadth and unity of design. But the Ballot Bill was largely and lengthily discussed in the Commons last year, and the Scotch Education Bill and the Mines Regulation Bill are Bills which, however important, affect special sections of the community, and if those primarily interested are satisfied with their main provisions, they may easily pass without very much general discussion. There will not be enough in these three measures to occupy worthily the whole attention of the House of Commons, and the Government will have a fair opportunity of introducing and carrying some other measure of great importance; when they have such an opportunity, they are as much bound not to neglect it as they are bound not to propose a series of measures involving sweeping changes which they have no hope of carrying. The Licensing

Bill would, at first sight, seem to be the choice they would naturally make. But the whole drift of recent discussion has been, we think, to show that it is much better to proceed tentatively in this difficult field of legislation; and if the Suspensory Act were continued, and the Ministerial measure limited to enforcing much more rigid regulations than those now in force on existing public-houses, the nation would gain an experience which it is highly desirable it should possess before any final legislation is attempted. If this is the view taken by the Ministry, they will be free to look in some other direction for their other great measure of the Session. There are three principal directions in which they may look—that of Law Reform, that of Reform of Parliamentary Procedure, and that of provisions for the health, safety, and comfort of the public. Law Reform affords them the largest and most ambitious field; but then Law Reforms, to create any interest, must be of a large character, and large measures of Law Reform require to be conceived and advocated by men who are at once able to hold their own against professional opponents, and yet are able to think of the nation and not of the profession when they propose to legislate. The Government is decidedly weak in this department. The CHANCELLOR has never shown anything of statesmanship in law, and is easily overpowered by the criticisms of Lord CAIRNS, while the Law Officers are scarcely ever present in the Commons, and keep aloof from questions of public interest. The reform of Parliamentary procedure, especially in the sphere of Private Bill legislation, is in one sense the best direction in which the Ministry could work, for it stands in direct connexion with the prominent question of Home Rule in Ireland. The only real grievance the Irish can name as inflicted on them by the present system of Imperial government is that, if any petty Irish town wants to set up gas-works, or any struggling Irish railway wants to increase the tiny area of its operations, permission must first be obtained by carrying a Private Bill at great expense first through one House and then through the other at Westminster. Provisions for the health, safety, and advancement of the people, offer, however, the sphere in which Mr. GLADSTONE could do most to earn himself a name, and command the respect of the country. For although there are many subjects in this sphere ripe for legislation, they can only be properly dealt with by some one who is able to perceive and to enunciate what at this particular stage of our social history are the true character and limits of the healthy action of the State on the community. If Mr. GLADSTONE, whether or not through the thin veil of using Mr. BRUCE as his nominal spokesman, employed his energy and power of working out the details of a general scheme in devising some measure which might serve as a landmark in this difficult field of legislation, he would probably be doing the best he could for himself and the country. But in this department of activity, as in those of Law Reform and of the Reform of Parliamentary Procedure, the main thing for Mr. GLADSTONE and the Cabinet is to choose some one thing wisely and to do it thoroughly well, and not to offer to the contempt and rejection of Parliament a host of crude schemes entrusted to the care of incompetent officials.

THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

THE Home Rule party in the Austrian Empire have furnished a seasonable illustration of the advantages of the policy which they share with the Irish Separatists. Count HOHENWART, with the aid of the reactionary and ultra-Catholic section of the Court, has in a few weeks brought the monarchy to the verge of dissolution. It is doubtful whether the EMPEROR, even if he has the strength of mind to discard his present advisers, will be able to retrieve the errors which have been committed; and at present it seems to be thought that the narrow bigots who misled his youthful judgment have once more re-established their ascendancy over his mind. The gravest objection to monarchy through a great part of Continental Europe is founded on the dishonest preference of weak and demoralized princes for their own spiritual welfare to their highest duties and to the rights and interests of their subjects. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has for some years given proof of a sincere desire to reconcile the conflicting pretensions of the different races in his dominions with constitutional freedom; but there are rumours of the decline of his powers under the pressure of incessant anxiety; and he is at present surrounded by servile courtiers and fanatical women. The inherent difficulties of the task which he is called upon to perform require no aggravation from personal causes. If the Slavonic inhabitants of the different provinces are dis-

satisfied, their leaders immediately begin to intrigue with Russia, and they signalize their occasional and temporary predominance by ruinous assaults on the Constitution and on the unity of the Empire. The common representation of the Western States in the Council of the Realm seemed to provide the conditions of freedom and of regular government; but the Czechs of Bohemia and the Poles of Galicia objected to the supremacy of the Germans; and for some time past the Federal Parliament has been incomplete, in consequence of the secession of the representatives of the discontented provinces. The Hungarians are, for various reasons, inseparably allied with the Germans, who may be regarded as identical with the Liberal or Constitutional party. Having recovered their own historical independence, the Hungarians have no further grievances to redress; and they also have Slavonic dependencies to deal with, containing the majority of the population of the kingdom. The basis of Hungarian foreign policy is opposition to Russian encroachment; and the superstructure is a close alliance with Germany. The Poles also are enemies of Russia; but at present they are short-sighted enough to co-operate with the Czechs, who regard with common hostility the whole German race. The Hungarian Prime Minister, Count ANDRASSY, is closely united with the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, Count BEUST, in opposition to the Austrian Premier, Count HOHENWART, and to his Federal policy.

The EMPEROR himself is supposed to be wavering between the systems respectively advocated by his various advisers. Although he has only a choice of dangers, those who wish well to Austria must hope that he will finally adopt the system of BEUST and ANDRASSY. Count HOHENWART has already strained or misused the Imperial prerogative in his overtures to the Diet of Bohemia, which derives its legal existence from the Constitution of the Empire. The Provincial Assembly, like Mr. BUTT's proposed Irish Parliament, was exclusively competent to local legislation, while matters of Imperial policy were reserved for the Council of the Realm. The subordinate body was more especially debarred from interference with its own organization and with the limits of its functions; yet the Austrian Minister, in pursuance, as it is believed, of an understanding with the Czech leaders, both tampered with the constitution of the Diet and voluntarily offered to reopen the Federal pact of the Empire. The Chambers of Commerce and the Universities representing the activity and intelligence of Bohemia were naturally subject to German influence, and consequently they returned Liberal members to the Diet. The Government at the late elections arbitrarily transferred their franchise to the great landed proprietors for the purpose of increasing the Ultra-montane majority, with the ulterior view of securing a quorum in the probable contingency of the retirement of the German members. On the meeting of the Diet, the Liberal minority insisted that the proceedings should be confined within the limits of the Constitution, and on the rejection of their demands they withdrew from an Assembly which they regarded as no longer legal. The Czech deputies then proceeded to frame a new Constitution, not only for Bohemia, but for the whole Western part of the Empire. To Hungary they generously concede the maintenance of its rights, both because they are entirely powerless to disturb Hungarian independence, and for the purpose of insisting on a precedent which they regard as applicable to themselves. They may probably have foreseen that the Hungarians would treat their ostensible concessions with the contempt which Scotchmen would feel for a recognition by Mr. BUTT or Mr. MARTIN of their ancient national rights.

The Czech project, which is believed to have had the preliminary approval of Count HOHENWART, is characterized by an audacity worthy of a body of Irish agitators. The Diet proposes that both Houses of the Council of the Realm shall be summarily abolished, and that they shall be replaced by a single Assembly of Delegates from the seventeen Western provinces. The attributes of the Delegation are to correspond to those which are now possessed by the Delegation of Austria and Hungary. It is unnecessary to discuss the merits of a revolutionary and almost treasonable scheme. The effect of the plan, if it were adopted, would be to create a kind of Federal Republic, in every part of which the local majority would exercise undisputed power. The Diet is exceeding its power in submitting the plan to the Council of the Realm; and Count HOHENWART is deliberately violating the Constitution which he proposes to amend. The meaning of the Bohemian demand is so transparent that the German population of the Empire is already roused to a high pitch of excitement. The reactionary party in Bohemia itself, though it commands a provincial majority, represents only three mil-

lions of Czechs, who affect to disregard the existence in their midst of two millions of Germans. The high aristocracy, the clergy, and the peasantry are on the side of the Separatists; but the middle classes chiefly belong to the German race and to the Liberal party. No statesman can seriously believe that the Germans in other parts of the Empire will allow their countrymen to be oppressed by alien neighbours. If a trial of strength arose, the united Germans of Austria would probably be found more than a match for their Slavonic opponents; and they may confidently rely on the aid of the Hungarian Government, and in the last resort on the German Empire.

When the collision which cannot be much longer delayed has established either Count BEUST or Count HOHENWART in the confidence of the EMPEROR, he will in either case have once more to roll the stone of SISYPHUS from the very bottom of the hill. The Germans will certainly not acquiesce in Bohemian Home Rule; and, on the other hand, if the unity of the Empire is maintained, it will be impossible to conciliate the Slavonic malcontents, and it may perhaps be found impossible to govern them; yet the Germans have a great advantage in their association with the foreign policy which is evidently indispensable to the welfare of the monarchy. The German EMPEROR's professions of goodwill to Austria in his speech on the opening of the Parliament were not extraordinarily warm, and their effect was still further qualified by the inclusion of Russia in the same friendly category; but there is no doubt that, if the domestic policy of BEUST prevails, the understanding of Gastein and Salzburg will be permanent and fruitful. The success of Count HOHENWART in dismembering the Empire would compel him to rely on the dangerous patronage of Russia. According to the Emperor WILLIAM, the former feud between Prussia and Austria arose from historical causes operating through a thousand years; and for the same period, along the frontier from the Baltic to the Adriatic, the Germans have regarded themselves as combatants and missionaries in the interest of civilization. Bohemia itself was once a German Electorate, and its King was for centuries the head of the German Empire. New-fangled theories of ethnology will not be allowed to extinguish all historical traditions; and if the Czechs are not content with their share in the government of a mixed community, they will sooner or later be compelled to submit to the dominion of their hated neighbours. One of the objects of the great war proclaimed by MAZZINI for the promotion of philanthropy and peace is the rearrangement of the European system for the benefit of the Slavonic races. The devoted adherents of the POPE seem for the moment to have plagiarized the policy of their inveterate enemy; but to them Czechs and Servians are only valuable on account of their prejudices, their ignorance, and their superstition. If the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH had not tried, with disastrous results, the experiment of despotism, it might almost be permitted to an Austrian patriot to regret that constitutional government was introduced into his country. An absolute sovereign has many facilities for being impartial, and it seems that representative systems are almost incompatible with the existence of a heterogeneous Empire.

THE EVACUATION TREATY.

M. POUYER-QUERTIER has at least been so far successful at Berlin that he has got Prince BISMARCK to agree to a treaty which will relieve a large portion of the conquered territory of France from the presence of the conquerors. Six departments are to be evacuated within fifteen days after the new convention has been ratified. Dijon is included in the districts which are thus to be relieved from the odious presence of the eternal spiked helmets, and English travellers who have passed through Dijon will be able to estimate the intense delight with which the departure of the German troops will be hailed. The whole occupying force in France will, at the same time that these six departments are evacuated, be reduced to 50,000 men. This will be a great gain to both countries, for the cost of the army of occupation borne by France has been hitherto at the rate of a million sterling per annum; and the German soldiers will be rejoiced to get home and rest from the wearisome task of keeping guard over a country where they have been universally detested, and where they have had to protect their lives by stern measures, which again have provoked new complaints and new plots of vengeance. The relations between the conquerors and the conquered in the occupied provinces have been so painful, industry is so much fettered by the restrictions which the occupying force has imposed on com-

munication and interchange, and the dissatisfaction and irritation thus kept alive shake public confidence so profoundly, that M. THIERS has great reason to rejoice at having at last attained the object he has for many weeks been steadily pursuing, and having bought the Germans out of these six departments. But Prince BISMARCK has taken care as usual to get while he gives. These departments would have in any case been evacuated, according to the Treaty of Frankfort, on May 1 of next year, if the half-milliard then due were paid. If France had been able to pay down this half-milliard, the evacuation might have been demanded without any convention. But France could not pay twenty millions more than it has done. It is not that it is not rich enough to get credit for twenty millions more in the market of the world, but it cannot get the specie which would be required for so large and sudden a payment without causing a ruinous crisis in the money market. It occurred to the French Government that the Germans might be satisfied with the French promise to pay next May, if that promise were backed by the guarantee of a number of great mercantile houses. Prince BISMARCK agreed to this, but then he refused to pledge himself not to discount the bills given him as guarantee; and as, if he had retained the power of discounting bills of twenty millions sterling whenever he pleased, he would have been the financial master of Europe, the bankers to whom an appeal had been made declined to run the risk. But M. THIERS and his Cabinet were persuaded that some other basis of negotiation could be devised, and so M. POUYER-QUERTIER went to Berlin. He had one or two minor difficulties to smooth away. There was a tiny rectification of the frontier to be asked for; and this he got, and France is to have a few villages restored to her. The discussion as to the introduction of goods between France and Alsace and Lorraine without payment of duties, or with a great reduction of duties during a short period, had to be brought to a close. Prince BISMARCK had throughout said that, as France wanted something from Germany, she must in return give Germany something; and that what Germany wanted was such a temporary arrangement as to Custom duties as would mitigate to Alsace and Lorraine the immediate evils of their separation from the French commercial system. The National Assembly hampered M. THIERS by insisting on what sounded only fair, that there should be reciprocity in this, and that France should be able to export into Alsace and Lorraine as advantageously as Alsace and Lorraine might be allowed to export into France. This knot M. POUYER-QUERTIER has also been able to untie. The period at which all these exceptional advantages for Alsace and Lorraine are to take effect is fixed at the end of 1872, instead of at the end of the first half-year of 1873, and some sort of faint reciprocity has been introduced in favour of French manufactures. If Frenchmen were, under the circumstances, free to argue, they could easily show that France and Alsace and Lorraine are by no means placed on an equal footing. But they are not at liberty to go into minute points of this sort. Their Government offers them the great gain of clearing the Germans out of six provinces almost at once, and they cannot secure this gain if they look too narrowly into the terms on which it has been obtained.

But these were only subsidiary points in the general agreement between the German and French negotiators at Berlin. The real point was to fix the price at which the desired evacuation should be anticipated by six months. In the first place it was agreed that, if the Germans did not hold these provinces, neither should the French. Six departments of France are declared to be for the time neutral ground, in which no French soldiery, except such as may be necessary for police purposes, may tread. They are really to be held in pawn by Germany, but the actual possession of the soil is to be left vacant, unless France fails in any of the stipulated money payments, and then the Germans are immediately to re-enter. The pecuniary arrangement is very favourable to Germany. France next May has to pay twenty millions sterling as the fourth instalment of the indemnity, and six millions sterling as interest on the unpaid portion of the indemnity. Instead of paying the extra six millions in cash on the 1st of May next, France is to pay these twenty-six millions in cash by nine fortnightly instalments, commencing on the 15th of January next, of sums slightly under three millions each. The bankers who were to have guaranteed the payment in May were to have received a commission, it is said, of eleven million francs. This has been saved by the new arrangement; but, by having the payments anticipated, Germany gets a pecuniary advantage which represents a very handsome commission, though nothing like so large as that which the bankers would have exacted. In fact, Germany has turned banker for France. If private

houses could be sure that France would pay much more, could Germany be sure of this? for Germany could do what bankers could not do, and could enforce payment. The security is absolutely good; for German troops would, in case of any default, immediately take possession of ground that was not in the possession of the French, but in the possession of no one, and entirely at the command of the German armies. Prince BISMARCK seems to have seen that, if France was certain to pay, it was a pity that the commission she was willing to allow for an arrangement that would lead to the evacuation of the six departments should go into any pockets but those of his Imperial master. France, on the other hand, pays less in money to Germany for getting the business done than she would have had to pay if private persons had sold her their good offices. That her own soldiers may not go into six French departments until a certain sum of money is paid is no doubt humiliating, but it is not so humiliating as having the German soldiers actually in those departments; and the French Government has been very wise in not objecting to anything consistent with the achievement of its main purpose.

The Emperor of GERMANY in his speech at the opening of the Reichstag attributed the changes he had admitted in the convention to his perception of the increasing strength of peace and order in France. Besides being ready to spring upon the six evacuated departments directly default is made, he has the comforting assurance that the Government of France is getting more and more able to pay him. The prospects of the present French Government look brighter than they did, and it becomes less likely that there will be very serious attempts at present to introduce any change that might be the precursor of a civil war. The Emperor describes himself as having taken great pains to contribute to the consolidation of peace in France, just as he claims to have established cordial relations between Germany on the one hand and Austria and Russia on the other, by the very gratifying personal communications he has had with the Sovereigns of those two neighbouring Empires. But acute observers easily find it possible to read a secret menace between the lines of the most cordial manifestations of goodwill; and it is not perhaps going too far to think that he meant to convey that Austria not only is, but must and shall be, on the best of terms with Berlin. To praise Austria as the natural and necessary ally of Germany is perhaps equivalent to pointing out that, if she allows herself to become the prey of Slavonic agitators, she will have some day to reckon with United Germany. In the same way, when the Emperor describes himself as having worked for the consolidation of peace in France, he may fairly be taken to mean that France ought by this time to see that the only way of getting herself out of her embarrassments is to behave herself well. Undoubtedly the German Government, which so sincerely regretted the downfall of the Empire at Sedan, must be very glad to have a French Government to deal with that possesses some show of stability. It is equally true that the mere fact that the Germans recognise in the Cabinet of M. THIERS the centre of real power in France tends to consolidate the authority which is thus treated with increasing respect. But it is of no use to conceal that the French have a great deal to bear, and that it is only a combination of sternness on the part of the adversary and good sense on their own part that makes them endure so much. The treaty of evacuation is a benefit to France, and has not been purchased at more than it was worth. But there is nothing much for Frenchmen to be proud of in it; and the Germans have as usual taken remarkably good care of themselves in the negotiations. Prince BISMARCK has shown his usual ability by openly acting on the principle that, provided he got all he really wanted, the more he strengthened the hands of the Government of France the more secure he was making Germany of receiving in due time, and even with some acceleration, the enormous sums which France has to pay.

THE NEW SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

BUT for Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's speech on opening the Social Science meeting at Leeds, it might have been thought impossible that any politician of high official rank should have engaged in the preposterous negotiation which has lately been described as a new social movement. It is not surprising that, in the fine language of London Correspondents of provincial papers, the transaction should be called an alliance between the peers and the proletariat. The most eminent of the peers who were said to have pledged themselves to the scheme immediately contradicted the report;

and Lord CAERNARVON, the Duke of RICHMOND, Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have also publicly disconnected themselves from a project which would have greatly discredited their judgment. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, having announced that it is the duty of the Government to provide the community with wholesome food, may perhaps have engaged in a vague and indefinite agitation for supplying comfortable dwellings to the working classes; but after the numerous disclaimers which have been published, it is impossible to know whether there is any foundation for the story which caused so natural a feeling of astonishment. The assertion that Mr. DISRAELI is at the bottom of the whole proceeding, though not in itself incredible, seems to be unsupported by evidence; nor indeed is it clear that any proceeding took place. The pompous announcement of an alliance between the aristocracy and the artisans bears traces of Mr. DISRAELI's earlier manner; but a serious belief in the practicability in the present day of a limited and regulated socialism is only worthy of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON or of Lord JOHN MANNERS. When *Coningsby* and *Sybil* were published there had been no insurrection of a Paris Commune, nor had Mr. MILL and the Land and Labour League attacked indirectly or directly the right of property in land. Candidates for boroughs during the reign of PEEL talked of reform and retrenchment, or perhaps of free trade, instead of denouncing the incubus of landlordism and the tyranny of capital. Since that time, with the aid of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. DISRAELI himself, the enemy has advanced closer to the frontier; and it is not the time for Byzantine drivellers to attempt to purchase exemption from the ravages of invading tribes by frivolous offers of bribes to the Huns and Bulgarians, who will judge by their success in extorting a part of their ability to seize the whole.

If the statements which have been published are not wholly fictitious, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL seems to have induced a number of working-class politicians to form themselves into a Board or Council, for the purpose of entering into communication with members of both Houses who might be desirous of furthering some of their views. According to the story, it was oddly arranged that the contracting parties on either side should be kept in ignorance of the names of their proposed associates; but ten or a dozen peers and members of Parliament, whose names were subsequently disclosed, intimated their readiness to promote certain legislative measures and objects, which were discussed and settled in detail; and the signatures of both parties were finally attached to a string of resolutions of a philanthropic, vague, and dangerous character. In the first place, every skilled workman was to be provided with a detached homestead in a garden, in wholesome air and sunshine. Apparently London is to be pulled down or deserted; unless, indeed, the upper and middle classes are alone to suffer the inconveniences of crowd, of noise, and of smoke. Three millions of inhabitants occupying a garden for each family would spread themselves over a large district of country; but the assertion that the new settlement was to be facilitated by the adoption of the American Homestead Law seems to be a premature fancy of an imaginative Correspondent. The Council of Skilled Workmen, consisting partly at least of members of the Protean Land and Labour League, will not fail to be prepared in due time with a homestead law of their own. In the United States the privilege of selecting a freehold at a low price for actual settlement is confined to the unoccupied lands of the Republic. The London Homestead Law would operate among the villas of Sydenham and the luxurious country houses of Roehampton. In repudiating his alleged assent to the resolutions, Lord SALISBURY professes his sympathy with the provision of improved dwellings for the working classes; and it would be difficult to find among statesmen or private persons any professed admirer of high rents and of bad accommodation. It is possible that judicious legislation may do something to diminish the undoubted evils which have hitherto been inseparable from the existence of large cities; but the agitators of the Workmen's Council with good right expect that professions of goodwill shall be followed by remedial measures which neither Sir JOHN PAKINGTON nor Lord JOHN MANNERS is prepared to devise or to sanction. The promise of a detached homestead and garden to every London workman would be a fraud if it were not rather a proof of thoughtless folly. A public and ostentatious assertion that a certain object is desirable involves an admission that it is practicable, and an undertaking to attain it. When the Council of Legislation, if such a body exists, hereafter acknowledges its inability to fulfil its promises, the Council of Workmen will be ready with the alternative of expropriating the present owners of comfortable dwellings.

The second resolution ought even to the dullest understanding to have explained the meaning of the first. A perfect organization is to be created for the local government of districts, with powers to acquire and dispose of land for the common good. In other words, the proposed home-steads and gardens are to be provided for workmen by municipal bodies elected by the suffrages of those who are to profit by the acquisition. It is not for the present stated whether land is to be taken at a price fixed by the purchasers, or whether the summary confiscation proposed by the same persons as members of the Land and Labour League is ultimately to be adopted. Places of "recreation, knowledge, and refinement" are to be provided without limit at the public expense; and there is to be a great extension of the organization of the public service, on the model of the Post Office, for the common good. Railways, and probably manufactories and trading establishments, are thus to be acquired, and conducted by the Government according to the purest Parisian theory. Only a few days have passed since Sir John PAKINGTON moved a merited vote of thanks to Mr. NEWMARCH for an admirable vindication of the old doctrine of individual action, of freedom of property and of exchange, and generally of sound political economy. If it is true that the late President of the Association is responsible for the mischievous and silly resolutions which have been published with his signature, it can only be concluded that he is incapable of distinguishing between contradictory propositions, and that he is convinced for the moment by any speaker who may succeed in commanding his attention. The associated workmen understand the purpose of the resolutions better; and if they have any scruples about imposing on the credulity of their new allies, they may fairly suspect that the Council of Legislation is on its part attempting to make use of the workmen. None of the proposed objects are compatible either with the principles of the Conservative party or with the well-understood interests of owners of property. Yet, if Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL or any of his aristocratic friends have any serious intention, they must have thought it possible to detach some of the revolutionary demagogues of the working class from their present associations. It is remarkable that on their part the working-class agitators offer neither pledge nor promise. Their would-be patrons are satisfied with a general expectation that political support will be given in return for economic and social concessions; of what is their own and of what is not their own the peers and commoners are liberal and even lavish. That large landowners who are not even employers of skilled labour should pledge themselves to the principle of an eight hours' Bill can only be believed on better authority than that of an unauthorised statement in a newspaper. One of the resolutions is to the effect "that the next condition of the well-being of the skilled workmen is, that a day's labour shall consist of eight hours of honest work"; and yet it was impudently asserted that Mr. GATHORNE HARDY and Lord CARNARVON had compromised their characters by commencing an unprovoked attack on the prosperity of the whole body of manufacturers.

One of the oddest peculiarities of the alleged organization is that the patrons of the scheme apparently confine their attention to the welfare of that portion of the working class which is most fully able to take care of itself. For the present it would seem that agricultural labourers, bricklayers' hodmen, and navvies are not to profit by the houses, the gardens, and the air and sunshine which the Council of Legislation is to bestow on masons and joiners. To revert to an analogy already suggested, the settled population of the border countries has no share in the gratuities which are eagerly tendered to the more warlike barbarians. In former times Mr. DISRAELI's benevolent young men of fashion professed an almost exclusive sympathy with the labourers whom they affected to call the peasantry of England. The engineers and the carpenters have since taken care that their own claims shall receive priority of attention. Thirty years of experience have made the CONINGSBYS and the SYDNEYS more cunning; but it may be questioned whether they have become wiser with age. It is not yet known whether civilized society can permanently exist on a socialistic or communistic basis. Hitherto it has rested exclusively on the foundation of private property. It is absolutely certain that communities must choose between the two antagonistic principles. An alliance between timid landed Conservatives and revolutionary Socialists is on the face of it impossible, except as a temporary illusion or a transparent deception. Any attempt to save property by pretending to extend its liabilities and duties is as hopeless as it is dishonest.

FRANCE.

THE complementary elections on the 15th of October have not altered the general aspect of the Departmental Councils as settled on the 8th. Indeed, complementary elections rarely do more than confirm the aggregate result arrived at in the country at large. There has been time for the electors to know which party is in a majority, and there are always some wavering voters in every minority who only want to be assured that they are on the losing side to recast their political convictions. The results of the contest therefore remain what they were last week. The Government has a large majority, composed of Republicans of various shades, short of the most pronounced, of Orleanists, and of Conservatives, who have no opinions in particular except that they wish to keep what they have got. The Republicans by Divine Right are not strong in numbers, though their concentration in the Southern departments gives them a local importance greater than they possess in France generally. The Bonapartists have shown themselves weaker than was expected; but the value of this discovery is lessened by the fact that a Bonapartist, being for the time a conspirator, is not bound to hoist his own flag. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether there is any present chance of an Imperialist Restoration being effected by political means. Some great failure on the part of the Government may once more give NAPOLEON III. the calculating but shortsighted affections of the Party of Order; but in default of this neither the peasantry nor the bourgeoisie are likely to exchange M. THIERS for a Saviour who can hardly hope to return except through a civil war. The army would be a more hopeful field for propagandism if it had but a recognised leader of Bonapartist sympathies. But Marshal MACMAHON and General CHANZY appear to prefer the present Government, while General FAIDHERBE is supposed to be anxious to see M. THIERS displaced by M. GAMBETTA. The ex-EMPEROR himself has no military successes to appeal to, and even if he had, age and ill-health would forbid an attempt to reproduce them. Prince NAPOLEON has the look of the great soldier whose name he bears, but he has been reduced to establish his courage by printed testimonials which a great part of the French army are unable to read; and his "attitude" in the field has hitherto made more impression on his cousin, who knew the stuff a BONAPARTE must be made of, than on the illiterate troopers who could not see below the surface. His arrival in Corsica may arouse some insular enthusiasm, which will easily be magnified by the Bonapartist journals into the beginning of a march upon the capital. It would be a singular coincidence if Corsica, after being the cradle of the Napoleonic dynasty, should become its hospital; but, as a rule, coincidences are more apt to excite expectations than to justify them. A more real encouragement to Bonapartist hopes is to be found in the violence which the majority in the Assembly insists on doing to the legitimate sentiment as well as to the illegitimate cravings of the inhabitants of Paris. It is not only, as the *Times* Correspondent puts it, that the Empire "means Paris the capital, Paris with streets crowded with gorgeous equipages, Paris the centre of the *chiffonnerie* of the world, Paris "the centre of civilization, and the home of WORTH." The emotions called up by such a picture as this may be keen and vivid, but they are hardly of the sort which rebuild empires. When, however, there are added to them the indignation of a city which, from being the intellectual and political leader of France, finds itself suddenly degraded in favour of one of its own suburbs, the product may easily become formidable. Paris has never been so safe a residence for a French Government as it is at this moment. The National Assembly could hardly do a more foolish thing than postpone the return to which it must in the end consent until the failure of the Commune has been forgotten and its sins condoned.

M. THIERS has been fortunate in his choice of a successor to M. LAMBRECHT. It has been objected that the PRESIDENT of a Republic should have been careful to surround himself with declared Republicans—a character to which M. CASIMIR PERIER can lay no claim. To take this view is to misconceive the present condition of things in France. The majority in the Assembly—representing, so far as is known, the majority of the French people—are Republicans not by conviction, but by consent. They have no abstract preference for that particular form of government; on the contrary, they have, many of them, an abstract preference for a constitutional Monarchy. But they think that a Republic is for the present better fitted to unite all Frenchmen in a common allegiance, and for this reason they have adopted Republican institutions, and are prepared to maintain them so long as circumstances continue unaltered. Neither the cause of the Republic nor the

peace of the country would be promoted by an attempt on the part of M. THIERS to invest his Administration with a more decided political character. The majority is largely made up of men who would cease to acquiesce in Republican forms if they thought that their acquiescence would preclude them from making an unbiased choice between Republicanism and Monarchy at some future day. All that would be gained by alienating this important section of French opinion would be a premature restoration of Orleanist or Legitimist, to be followed by a new cycle of inevitable anarchy, and not less inevitable despotism. The safest Minister for France is the Minister who most frankly accepts the actual order of things. Judging by his Circular to the Prefects, M. CASIMIR PERIER has this merit in a high degree. He marks at once the distinction between himself and the Republicans properly so called by the small importance he attaches to the ultimate solution of the constitutional problem. The main thing to-day, he says, is to secure the co-operation of all honest Frenchmen in the work of reorganizing France. The main thing hereafter will be to ensure the triumph, not of this or that form of government, but of the fundamental principles of morality, justice, and liberty. The true way to bring about these results is to insist on absolute respect being paid to the law. The duties of citizens increase commensurately with their rights, and the repression of attacks against the State is so much the more obligatory under a Republic because they are directed, not against the interests of a dynasty, but against the public peace.

The latter part of the Circular is a curious comment on the inefficacy of Decentralization laws in France. The new MINISTER of the INTERIOR writes as though there were neither Departmental Councils nor Departmental Commissions in the world. The part he assigns to the Prefects is as extensive as it has been under any of his predecessors. They have more to do than merely to administer the law. They have to make themselves understood and respected by the whole population. Like St. PAUL, they are to become all things to all men, if by any means they may gain a moral authority over some. That France can be happy or prosperous without the Prefects possessing and exercising this moral authority has seemingly not occurred to M. CASIMIR PERIER. Supposing, however, that France must for ever be governed on this system, it would be hard to give the agents of the Government better instructions than those contained in the Circular. They are never to forget that in the danger and misfortunes which surround France conciliation is as needful in a ruler as energy. They are to judge men by their characters, not by the character of the party to which they happen to belong. No Frenchman is to be shut out from serving his country merely by reason of his political opinions. So long as he is willing to co-operate frankly with the existing Government, that provisional support is all that is to be exacted from him. In applying the law, the Prefects are to prefer the widest and most generous interpretation of it, and they are to show no more favour to the abuse of power on the part of their own subordinates than to resistance to power on the part of other people. If these directions are obeyed in the spirit as well as in the letter, a very great change must have come over the temper of French Prefects. They are more likely, it is to be feared, to treat them as intended for the public rather than for themselves, and to interpret the Minister's assurance of protection, provided they are true to these principles, as tantamount to a similar assurance without the accompanying qualification. It is the misfortune of French Governments that, even if they can change their own character at pleasure, they cannot change the dispositions of their subordinates quite so easily. The agent of authority seems to remain the same, no matter what modifications may be undergone by the authority itself. The consequence is that even a popular Government receives but little support from the country. The people are so accustomed to leave the Prefect and his deputies to manage everything that an Administration which has nothing but the Prefects to trust to seems to fare no worse than one which is acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen.

THE FENIAN RAID ON THE RED RIVER.

ALTHOUGH there is some confusion of names of places in the telegraphic reports, it seems that the last piratical invasion of English territory has been effected in the remote region of the Red River. The ringleader, who assumes the title of General O'NEILL, is the same freebooter who a year or two ago committed a similar outrage in the more settled part of Canada. It seems that his band has been

dispersed, and that he has himself been arrested by the commander of a detachment of United States troops; and it is possible that the eager and profuse gratitude which has been expressed in some English papers may be due to the vigilance of the American Government. It may readily be believed that it was difficult or impossible to anticipate a lawless attack on a friendly neighbour in a distant and thinly inhabited district; and the next best course to an enforcement of municipal and international law would be a vigorous repression of acts of violence. More enthusiastic acknowledgments of the good faith and good will of the United States may perhaps be conveniently reserved until it appears whether O'NEILL and his accomplices are punished for their crime. A year or two ago the Fenian conspirators ostentatiously organized an expedition in portions of the Northern States; and their preparations and movements were regularly reported in the newspapers. When they at last determined to cross the frontier, a small American force was assembled in their rear; and after they had been easily repulsed by the Canadian troops, they were disarmed on their retreat, and some of their leaders were taken into custody. For a few weeks O'NEILL and the other chiefs underwent a lenient confinement; and they were then released, to boast of their exploits and of the impunity which they had enjoyed. On a previous occasion, when a body of Fenian invaders had been similarly disarmed, the late PRESIDENT formally restored their arms after a short detention, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives gave them a ceremonious welcome on behalf of Congress. During the one-sided negotiation which resulted in the Treaty of Washington, the English Commissioners not unnaturally proposed that Canadian claims for damage caused by invasions from American territory should be referred to the same tribunal which was to apply a newly invented rule of law to the case of the *Alabama*. The American Commissioners replied to the proposal by a peremptory refusal; and their English colleagues, under the instructions of their Government, acquiesced in the rebuff.

The political condition of the Red River is imperfectly understood in England. When the settlement was included in the Dominion of Canada, some of the inhabitants opposed the annexation; and, still professing loyalty to the English Crown, they compelled a Canadian Commissioner to retire without entering on possession of his office. After an interval, during which RIEL, the chief of the malcontents, put an adherent of the legal Government to death, a compromise was effected, and a Colonial and Imperial force, detached from Canada, took possession of the Red River without opposition. The occupying troops have since been withdrawn; and it is probable that the Fenian incursion may have been concerted with some of the former insurgents. The military position is untenable against an invader who receives support or countenance from the neighbouring districts of the United States, for the Red River territory is approached by American railroads, while reinforcements from Canada are compelled to traverse a pathless wilderness. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the authorities of the United States should strictly discharge the obligations which they have themselves defined by the Treaty of Washington. It is their undoubted duty to prevent the organization on their own soil of expeditions destined for the invasion of English territory. Although the provisions of the Treaty literally apply to neutrality between belligerents, it would be absurd to contend that invasions are to be permitted in time of peace. It would be useless to contend that the American Government has incurred liability by the favour and toleration which it has extended to previous offences against international law; but the clauses which were inserted in the Treaty at the instance of the American Commissioners strengthen the moral obligation, if not the legal responsibility, of the neutral Government. The Fenian conspirators have been guilty of a gross and deliberate violation of the municipal law of the United States, and it is not too much to expect that on the present occasion they shall receive exemplary punishment. As the Canadian troops can in no case cross the American border in pursuit of their enemies, the independent and neutral territory furnishes a securer base of operations than the strongest fortress. In the skirmish near Niagara the invading force occupied the boundary line.

It is a probable conjecture that the unexpected outrage committed by the Fenians is connected with the internal politics of the United States. The Democratic party has been seriously injured by the exposure of the New York frauds, and, either in consequence of the unpopularity arising from the scandal, or from other political causes, the elec-

tions in California, in Ohio, and in one or two other States, have been carried by the Republicans. Both the triumphant party and the defeated Democrats resent for different reasons the lawlessness of the turbulent part of the Irish population. The New York swindlers are intimately associated with the Fenian leaders; and it was in the interest of the Irish rabble that Mr. O'KEY HALL committed a few months ago the gross blunder of prohibiting the Orange procession. There are two obvious and opposite methods of evading the discredit which attaches to the Fenian alliance. The more respectable part of the Democratic party repudiate with tardy indignation all connexion with the HALLS, the SWEETYS, the CONNOLLYS, and their constituents; but in New York, and probably in other large towns, the disreputable contingent supplies the main strength of the party; and it may have been thought expedient to prove that the Fenian agitation might still furnish the means of popularity. Although the present temper of the people of the United States may be perhaps less unfriendly to England than in former times, election managers have probably not ceased to assume that the promotion of a civil war in the British dominions would be approved by a large class of the community. It may be hoped that the Fenians have been effectually baffled in their nefarious enterprise; but if O'NEILL were to appear at a public meeting of Irish voters in New York to-morrow, he would be received with unbounded applause. The crimes of CONNOLLY were condoned by a congenial band of admirers, on the ground that he was a warm-hearted, though predatory, Irishman. The invasion of Canadian territory is a somewhat less ignominious exploit than the embezzlement of the municipal funds of New York. If the piratical expedition proves to have been designed for the purpose of influencing the autumn elections, the nature and value of Fenian patriotism will have received an additional illustration.

The advocates of Home Rule in Ireland will not fail to appreciate the heroic act of O'NEILL and his followers. The American Fenians exemplify in the most satisfactory manner the beneficial results of entire exemption from English tyranny. Having perfect freedom to exhibit the virtues which have at home been restrained by alien rule, the New York populace raise to power the lowest and the basest of mankind; and the Fenians from time to time carry on war against the Canadians, who have neither invited their interference nor given them any ground of offence. It may be hoped that Irish demagogues and their dupes are gratified by the estimation in which they are held by their American fellow-citizens. They can purchase flattery by votes; and any outrage which they may commit to the detriment of England receives a lenient construction; but the Fenians and their friends are associated in the thoughts of every decent American with the corruption and the violence which tend to discredit the cherished institutions of the Republic. Here and there an intelligent politician may perhaps doubt whether England is wholly to blame for want of success in conciliating and governing the countrymen of SWEENEY and O'NEILL. It is a common mistake to believe that national animosity is its own justification. On the contrary, it tends to obscure all the merits of the controversy between those who cherish hatred and its objects. The indifference of the Fenian conspirators to justice is sufficiently proved by their repeated attacks on Canada, and especially by their recent expedition. The Red River territory has only been up to this time exposed to disturbances on the pretext that it was transferred from Imperial to Colonial supremacy. The Fenian attack is an attempt to dismember the Dominion, and for this purpose it appears to have been more skilfully conceived than the former invasions. It was utterly absurd to suppose that a lawless body of adventurers could make any permanent impression on the more settled provinces; but it was barely possible that the Red River territory might be successfully overrun. If the Government of the United States follows up the vigorous action of its officers by rigorous prosecution and punishment, the attempt will probably be the last of its kind. A still more satisfactory termination of Fenian enterprises would be ensured if the invaders so far deviated from their customary prudence as to advance into the interior of the Dominion. The Canadians are not disposed to regard the Fenian outrages with the leniency which has been hitherto displayed by the American authorities. If half-a-dozen of the ringleaders were hanged, and if their followers were sent into penal servitude, there would be little risk of a renewal of the experiment.

LORD GRANVILLE AT MANCHESTER.

LORD GRANVILLE has been presiding at the opening of a new Reform Club at Manchester, "in the Venetian style of architecture, freely decorated," and has made just the sort of speech which might be expected from him—a blithe, genial, conciliatory discourse, as far removed from controversy as possible. The FOREIGN SECRETARY is perhaps the only member of the Government who understands the art of making a defence or an apology without repeating the original offence or introducing a new one. It was not to be supposed that so discreet and diplomatic a statesman, on the eve of a series of Cabinet meetings to prepare the business of next year, would startle the world by any important political announcement. Of the future he had little to say. The Ballot Bill would of course be introduced once more, and he was disposed to hope that the Lords would not again reject it. The Government recognised the importance and necessity of social legislation, and would be glad to have the co-operation of the Conservatives in devising measures for the material welfare of the people. All this is vague and safe. The question is, what sort of a Ballot Bill and what sort of social legislation the Government means to propose. The assumption that assent to the principle of the Ballot involves the acceptance of any scheme of secret voting which the Government chooses to bring forward under that name is an obvious fallacy. Lord GRANVILLE found it convenient to ignore the notorious fact that the Government, suddenly converted to a mode of voting which it had previously distrusted and opposed, has already, in successive years, introduced two Bills on this subject of a very different and even antagonistic character; and it is quite possible that a third version, equally unlike both its predecessors, is now in process of construction. The principle of the Ballot may not be unreasonable as an abstract proposition, but difficulties are immediately encountered in the attempt to reduce it to practice. It has to be shown that the cure will not be worse than the disease, especially as the disease is already curing itself. Lord GRANVILLE's arithmetical vindication of the results of last Session does not meet the charge against the Government. He argues that a Session in which four of the ten great measures promised in the QUEEN'S Speech and 106 other Bills were passed cannot justly be stigmatized as sterile. But the accusation against the Government is that, by attempting less, it might have accomplished a great deal more. By perversely persevering with the Ballot Bill, which it was known could not be sent up to the Lords in time for consideration this year, and for which no urgent necessity could be alleged, it wantonly wasted time which might have been profitably employed. Lord GRANVILLE, who candidly confessed that he was not in a penitential mood, did not attempt to justify the preference thus accorded to a crude sensational project of legislation, concocted for purely party purposes, over measures of genuine importance and urgency.

Lord GRANVILLE's justification of the House of Lords was somewhat loose and inconsistent, although it is impossible to doubt its sincerity. He remarked that Professor FAWCETT's assertion that the present House of Commons does not represent the feeling of the country on various questions supplies a strong argument in favour of a Second Chamber; but he added that he himself did not share Professor FAWCETT's opinion on the point. If it could be assumed that the House of Commons supplied an infallible representation of the opinion of the country, it might be plausibly argued that, under a popular system of government in which the supremacy of the people was acknowledged, a Second Chamber was at least superfluous. "If the House of Commons," said Lord GRANVILLE, "does not represent the country, I venture to ask who are the body of representatives who collectively or individually can take upon themselves the task of being more faithful and more accurate interpreters of what the country desires?" The obvious answer to this inquiry is that the House of Lords completes the representation of opinion which is, to a certain extent, and with fluctuating accuracy, furnished by the House of Commons. The use of a Second Chamber is to prevent or postpone decisive action on any question when it appears to be doubtful whether the judgment of the House of Commons is in accordance with that of the community, or whether the community itself quite knows its own mind on the matter. Lord GRANVILLE repeated an argument on which he was disposed to rely too exclusively last Session in his endeavours to persuade the House of Lords to pass the measures of the Government. It is injurious to the House of Lords to be continually addressed as if it had no

thought except for the maintenance of its own privileges. An appeal to the sense of duty of that Assembly would probably be found more effectual than appeals to its self-interest. Lord GRANVILLE holds that it is for the advantage of the country that the House of Lords should continue to exist, and in that sense it is of course bound, on public grounds, to take care of itself; but it is obvious that its value to the country depends on its independent and conscientious discharge of the functions entrusted to it. An instrument may be broken, as Lord GRANVILLE says, by overstraining it; but an instrument which can never be used for fear it should be broken does not appear to be particularly worth preserving. It is unfortunate that the leader of the Government in the House of Lords should seem to afford countenance to revolutionary proposals for reducing that Assembly to an ornamental nonentity. Mr. ODGER and Mr. MUNDELLA would perhaps consent that the House of Lords should exist on sufferance, for the purpose of formally registering the decrees of a House of Commons elected by caucuses under the direction of a Central Committee.

Lord GRANVILLE professed to be astonished that, after the comparative ease with which the important Irish legislation of the two previous years had been accomplished, so many weeks should have been consumed in discussing the Army Bill and Ballot Bill. He overlooked an obvious distinction between the Irish questions and those of Purchase and Secret Voting. The former had been discussed for many years, not merely as abstract propositions, but in a practical form; and public opinion had crystallized into distinct and settled ideas as to what ought to be done in regard to them. To a certain extent the same process had perhaps been gone through with regard to Purchase; but the Ballot, although it has been the subject of a vast amount of speaking and writing during the last quarter of a century, has only lately begun to be examined as a practical question. The two editions of the Government Bill, and the hundred amendments of the Liberal party to the Bill of last Session, sufficiently demonstrate the vague, confused, and contradictory views which prevail even among those who are favourable to the experiment. The grounds on which the House of Lords has lately been attacked would equally justify a proposal for muzzling or in some way suppressing the Opposition in the House of Commons. The value of full and unrestrained discussion as an element in the government of a free country is not adequately appreciated by the leaders of the Liberal party. It is not enough that good laws should be passed; it is essential to their beneficial operation that they should command the intelligent and sympathetic assent of the people at large, and this can only be ensured by ample debate previous to the laws being enacted. Lord GRANVILLE was more successful in defending the foreign policy of the Government, which has, on the whole, been reasonable and discreet. Events have fully justified our careful neutrality during the late war; and the American Treaty, though a scarcely disguised surrender on our part, will, it may be hoped, produce good results. The promptitude with which the American Government appears to have dealt with the recent Fenian raid is satisfactory, but it must not be forgotten that the American Government was only discharging a very simple and obvious duty, which it could not in common decency ignore or neglect. Lord GRANVILLE's appeal to the various sections of the Liberal party to be moderate and conciliatory, and to act in a united and harmonious manner, provoked a significant and highly characteristic response. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT immediately called for the extension of the Irish land laws to England, predicted the abolition of the English Church and the House of Lords, and concluded by a "hopeful allusion" to the presence of ladies at the meeting as indicative of their coming rule. Mr. LYULPH STANLEY hoped the Government, as it had not enough on its hands, would "seek out some new grievances." Mr. TREVELYAN demanded, in addition to the Ballot, the reopening of the question of the franchise; and Mr. E. LEATHAM is reported, we trust erroneously, to have expressed a hope that the House of Lords would take an early opportunity of "placing itself in a hopeless antagonism to the dominant party in the State."

THE EDUCATION LEAGUE AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.

NO one who has followed with attention the course of the controversy on the payment out of the rates of fees in Denominational schools can be satisfied with the treatment the question has received at the meeting of the National Education League. There was abundance of declamation,

and a good deal of careful reasoning, especially in a paper read by Mr. DALE. But there was a singular absence of even a profession of answering the arguments which have been urged on the other side. The tone of the speakers was throughout that of men who are stating their case for the first time, and waiting, with the mistaken confidence which often belongs to those who have to open a discussion, to see whether anything will be said against them. Considering how much has already been written and spoken upon the subject, this method of procedure involves a needless waste of time. The result of adopting it is that the meeting at Birmingham has not advanced the question a single step. It has simply set forth in detail the objections felt to the twenty-fourth clause of the Education Act. But this had been done with a fulness amply sufficient for all purposes several months ago. Since that time these objections have called forth many answers. They have been dealt with in this and other journals, and they supplied the text of the most important part of Mr. FORSTER's speech at Manchester. It is possible, of course, that the answers in question have been wholly worthless. If so, it was for the speakers on Tuesday to expose their emptiness. We do not expect the Education League to be convinced by anything their opponents have to say, but we have a right to expect them not to go on as though their opponents had let judgment go by default.

The position of the Education League in the controversy is, as everybody knows, that the payment of fees for children attending Denominational schools is such a subsidizing of Denominational teaching as makes it impossible for a man not belonging to the denomination to which the school belongs conscientiously to pay a rate that is to be so applied. In reply to this it has been pointed out, first that the payment objected to is not rightly described, and next, that even if it were rightly described, the objectors have put themselves out of court by acquiescing in similar payments on a larger scale. Payments made for secular instruction are not converted into payments for Denominational teaching by the mere fact that in the school in which the secular instruction is given religious instruction is also given. Mr. DIXON would not act on his own theory in the case of his own children. Supposing his son wished to attend a course of chemical lectures at King's College, London, or his daughter wished to learn music at a convent school; it would never occur to him that he was subsidizing Anglican or Roman Catholic teaching because he paid the fee charged for the particular study. It is only when the subjects taught are reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the fee has to be paid out of the rates to which he contributes, instead of directly out of his own pocket, that his conscientious scruples take form and substance. Mr. DALE complains that the education of children in Denominational schools will be more costly than in School Board schools. But no one has contended that a School Board ought to pay higher fees in the case of children attending a Denominational school than those charged in its own schools; so that if the latter are calculated on a scale which, to say the least, leaves no margin for any other than secular teaching, it is hard to see how the managers of a Denominational school can contrive to pay for Denominational teaching out of the same sum. Let it be granted, however, that any portion of the rates which passes into the pockets of Denominational school managers becomes thereby tinged with a Denominational colour, it is incumbent on the Education League to state what is the moral difference between payments to Denominational schools out of rates and similar payments out of taxes. To this point there is no reference whatever in the proceedings of the League on Tuesday. The resolutions to be entrusted to Mr. DIXON next Session single out two features of the Education Act for condemnation on religious grounds; the permission to School Boards to pay fees out of rates levied upon the community to Denominational schools over which the ratepayers have no control, and the similar permission given them "to use the money of the ratepayers for the purpose of imparting dogmatic religious instruction in schools established by local Boards." "By the concession of these permissive powers," says the Sixth Resolution, the Act "provokes religious discord throughout the country, and by the exercise of them it violates the rights of conscience." As the speakers were perfectly outspoken, and made no secret of their readiness to turn out the Government or break up the Liberal party in the event of their remonstrances being disregarded, it must be assumed that they meant their indictment against the Act to be exhaustive. Are we to conclude that the League regards as of no importance the fact that a very large Parliamentary grant has for a long time been annually made to the maintenance of Denominational schools, and that the amount of this grant was increased as one of the conditions of

the compromise on which the Act of 1870 was founded? If so, what is the value of the declarations made by some of the speakers at Birmingham, that rather than pay for the support of doctrines from which they dissent, they are ready to go to gaol? Whether Denominational teaching is subsidized out of the Income-tax or out of the Education rate can make no difference in principle. If the members of the League wish to make good their words, they must be prepared to refuse payment of all taxes; since it is certain, as things stand at present, that one fraction of them will go to making grants to Denominational schools, and another fraction to the salaries of Denominational chaplains in the army or in convict prisons—the latter indeed constituting a much worse violation of what the League calls the rights of conscience than the former, inasmuch as it involves a direct subsidizing of Denominational teaching on the part of the State. It is intelligible that a man should say that until England has purged herself of her three crying sins—the maintenance of an Established Church, the Parliamentary grant to Denominational schools, and the payment of army and prison chaplains—he will contribute nothing to an Exchequer out of which they are supported. It is very difficult to understand the temper of mind which sits down patiently under these iniquities, and yet insists on undergoing a cheap martyrdom rather than pay threepence a week to have a poor child taught reading and writing in a Denominational school.

It is conceivable, however, that the Education League may reply by claiming the right to single out for denunciation a particular feature of a system the whole of which it admits to be obnoxious. We cannot, it may say, at this moment disestablish the Church of England. We cannot abolish the Parliamentary grant to Denominational schools. We cannot put an end to the appointment of chaplains of various religions for soldiers and prisoners. But we can—at all events we think we can—do away with the payment out of the rates of fees in Denominational schools, and, having this power, we intend to use it. It is quite possible that those who put forward this claim may be able to make it good, but we ask them to consider at what cost their victory will be won. We shall say nothing about the fortunes of the Government or of the Liberal party; something more important than either of these may soon be at stake. If the Education League is as strong as it thinks itself, it is strong enough to destroy all that has been done to build up a system of national education in England. The impossibility of making school attendance compulsory without giving the parent a right to select the school to which his child shall go has been so often insisted on that it may be passed over now. There is another and more comprehensive danger indicated in a letter from Archdeacon DENISON to the Liberation Society. The Archdeacon says that a school rate for the maintenance of a School Board school is a violation of the rights of conscience. We hold that he is mistaken in this view, but we cannot deny that he has quite as good reason for maintaining it as the objectors to the payment of fees in Denominational schools have for maintaining theirs. The School Board schools will or may have a distinct religious character of their own. Certain formularies cannot be used in them, but with this exception there is practically no restriction imposed on the religious teaching given in the school. In a great number of cases—as regards towns in the great majority of cases—this religious character will consist of a somewhat vague and general Protestantism, and as such it will be intensely disliked by Anglican High Churchmen and by Roman Catholics. What is to prevent these two classes of persons from taking a leaf out of the book of the League and refusing to pay an Education rate? They will have considerably better grounds for their objection, inasmuch as their money will go, not merely to pay the fees of particular children in a school in which is given religious teaching of which they disapprove, but to the foundation and maintenance of the school itself. Hitherto they have for the most part accepted the compromise offered by the Government in 1870. They have no love to School Board schools, but they submit to be rated for their support in consideration of the fairness with which their own schools have been treated. But if this understanding is overthrown by the determination of the Education League and its friends to drive every child over whom they have power, by reason of the poverty of his parents, into a School Board school, there can be no question that it will not long be adhered to by the Denominationalists. It will become impossible to work the Education Act, because the mutual concessions of which it is the embodiment will have been withdrawn. If the Education Act becomes a dead letter, what has the Education League to put in its

place? Secularism. Our readers know that we ourselves have no fear of secularism. On the contrary, we have all along maintained that, on the highest Denominational principles, secularism would have been the best solution of the religious difficulty. But this does not alter the fact that, as at present minded, the people of England will not have a purely secular system. If the Education League will not allow the compromise of 1870 to be fairly worked, and if the only substitute for this compromise is too unpalatable to have a chance of immediate general acceptance, what are likely to be the prospects of national education? The Education League ought at least to count the cost of their threatened campaign, not to any political organization, however valuable, but to the whole body of ignorant children throughout the country.

PERMISSIVE-PROHIBITORY AGITATION.

THE Council of the United Kingdom Alliance, by one of those verbose resolutions in which it much delights, has pledged itself, in order to carry on its agitation with the greater vigour, to raise within five years a guarantee fund of 100,000*l.* The pledge, however, which thus simply stated might carry terror into the hearts of publicans, is by another resolution diluted into meaning nothing more formidable than this, that the Council undertakes "to co-operate with the executive in the 'various districts to canvass the friends of the cause' to secure the completion of the fund. There is a wide difference between demanding and obtaining money, and we cannot help remarking that, if the cause of Permissive Prohibition were as good as its friends believe, it would scarcely need 100,000*l.* to be spent upon its advocacy. A curious feature of the religious and philanthropical Societies of the day is their large expenditure. The Alliance has disbursed in a year nearly 14,000*l.* If the subscribers are satisfied with the Annual Report, "a lengthy document," and with the other proceeds of this outlay, we certainly do not complain. We should think that, in the highly improbable event of the Alliance carrying its Bill, several officers employed by it would lose comfortable berths. These officers need not, however, be alarmed. The Bill will not pass, but some legislation will take place of which the Alliance may persuade itself that it has been the cause, and the subscriptions will come in, and the salaries will be paid for many future years. Indeed the Council has provided for a continuance of agitation even after the passing of the Bill. It "reiterates its conviction that the 'only relation which a civilized community ought to hold to 'the traffic in intoxicating liquors is one of prohibition'; and this we think is the only position which it can logically occupy. Let it propose to abolish all home and foreign trade in beer, wine, and spirits, and its officers will be made certain of employment for many years to come. This would be, to use the language of the Council, 'an 'uncompromising course,' by which 'the interests of sobriety 'and morality' would be in no danger of being sacrificed to 'those artificial appetites and habits' which the liquor traffic promotes. We begin to see a glimmer of light in this cloud of talk. The Alliance seriously contemplates the carrying back of mankind to a condition of pristine innocence. Artificial appetites and habits are to be corrected and suppressed. Among others, the habit which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acquired of raising a revenue from the sale of intoxicating, or as they used to be called, excisable liquors, will be reformed. To borrow the forcible language of the Chairman of the Alliance, 'the crisis has reached a point' if appetites and habits are to be changed by this agitation. The Chairman appears to think that the pledge of the Council to begin asking for 100,000*l.* will have a great influence on the mind of Mr. BRUCE. We are not prepared to say that it will not. But we think that even Mr. BRUCE will hardly be persuaded by the Alliance to undertake the task of altering the appetites and habits of the nation, so as to carry out the full programme of the Alliance and prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Without highly estimating the utility of the Social Science Congress, we must give it credit for having afforded an opportunity for speaking a little common sense to the Alliance. Mr. MUNDELLA, M.P., usefully remarked that, although there was a great deal of drinking in Germany, there was not much drunkenness, "and that was owing to their drinking a very 'pleasant and agreeable kind of light beer.'" The Alliance appear to forget that the appetites and habits which they desire to change belong not to the English people only, but to the whole human race. It is unfortunately true that the English people drink a good deal of beer which is not light, nor,

except to a depraved taste, agreeable; and they also consume large quantities of spirits, which are usually of inferior quality. But any proposal to improve the quality either of spirits or beer would be scouted by the Alliance. The result of discussion, however, evidently is a tendency towards agreement in some plan for regulating the liquor trade. Reasonable people will thank the fanatics of the Alliance for having contributed to this result by their agitation, although they may think that 100,000*l.* is a heavy sum to pay for such an exceedingly light article as talk. It concerns both political parties, but especially the Conservatives, to show that the existing authorities are capable of dealing with this licensing question satisfactorily. It appeared from the discussion at Leeds that magistrates in various parts of the country are fully alive to their responsibility in this matter, and are taking great pains to discharge themselves of it. The Alliance may fairly claim credit for having helped to awaken this wholesome feeling. But it must be remembered that until recently magistrates were powerless to prevent the opening of beer-houses under authority of the Excise; and it is said that already as many as 9,000 of these houses have been closed by virtue of the Act of 1869. We are satisfied that by this Act, and such further legislation as may be expected, the number of public-houses, including beer-houses, will be rapidly reduced, and we doubt therefore the utility of further discussing that problem of compensation which has been supposed to present such enormous difficulty. The growth of London is so rapid that in a few years the existing number of public-houses, even if the local authorities exercise to the best advantage a power of transferring licences, will become inadequate to what we will presume to call the wants of the population. If it were possible to make a good start next year, with careful regulation and vigorous administration, the Council of the Alliance would find that it was much easier to ask for 100,000*l.* than to get it. We do not greatly value the one-sided meetings of the Alliance, nor the cheers for Sir WILFRID LAWSON with which they usually conclude; but after the discussion at Leeds we almost venture to say that the subject has been talked out. The extent and value of the precedent afforded by America for prohibitive legislation were much considered at that meeting. The opponents of the Alliance may be content with the testimony of Mr. MUNDELLA, who, claiming to speak from a neutral position, said, according to the Report published by the Alliance, that "he had taken wine with the most honoured names in America, at the largest hotel in Boston"; and also that he had satisfied himself by ocular demonstration that "names" less honoured could drink spirits at bars in any quantity they pleased. The energetic Dr. LEES, with a full sense of the gravity of the crisis, essayed to meet the onslaught of Mr. MUNDELLA, who, in the character of impartial friend, had very nearly dragged down the fabric of the Alliance about the ears of its supporters. The substance of the answer of Dr. LEES is that, although the sale of intoxicating liquor is not prevented by the existing statute in New England, it is impeded. "The laws against drink were about as 'well executed as the laws against crime or other immorality.'" It was doubtless agreeable to Dr. LEES to compare drinking with crime; but his answer, although vituperative, is not logical. His opponents allege that even in New England there is nothing approaching to a general practical agreement on the duty or expediency of prohibition. The law remains in the Statute-book as a concession to a zealous minority, while the majority of the people please themselves as to observing it. We adopt the words of the President of the Section, who, in summing up the first day's discussion, said there could be no doubt that the American Prohibitory Law was "systematically 'violated,' and that the open disregard of law was likely to have a deteriorating effect upon society."

We do not know whether this was the opinion of the entire Section, or only of the President and some members; but we do know that it is the opinion of ourselves. Although in America there have been some recent innovations upon the Decalogue, it is still universally agreed that stealing is morally wrong. But there is not a universal, nor even a general, agreement that it is morally wrong to drink or to allow the sale of beer, wine, or spirits. The Alliance have still to show that which, when they have all the talking to themselves, they invariably assume—namely, that there is an obligation resting upon society to prohibit the sale of what they call "liquor" just as there is to prevent stealing. It is curious, by the way, that the Alliance applies to beer the same disparaging epithet "liquor" which the brewer applies to water. The "people" are always supposed in the publications of the Alliance to be vainly entreating their rulers to allow them to for-

bid the sale of "liquor" within their borders. But, on inquiring for the "people," we cannot find them either in England or America, and we begin to suspect that this expression means a small knot of persons who derive importance from the Alliance, and perhaps expect to receive salaries and allowances out of the fund of 100,000*l.* which the Council pledges itself to ask the country to subscribe. It is true, says Dr. LEES, that the prohibitory law is imperfectly administered in New England, but still observe what a moral and intellectual country it is! It would be quite as much to the purpose to point out, on the other side, that the Germans are an industrious and ingenious people, although they drink deeply of "an agreeable light kind of beer." A statistical gentleman of the Social Science Congress showed, or supposed himself to show, that only thirty per cent. of crime in England was caused by drunkenness. At this point we begin to think that statistics themselves are verging on the confines of inebriety. But although this Congress showed many weaknesses and some faults, we shall not forget to place to its credit that it has knocked the bottom out of the Alliance.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE phenomena known as spiritualistic have been recently attracting some attention; chiefly, as it would seem, owing to the believers having adopted a quasi-scientific phraseology. The mere name of "psychic force" persuades a number of ignorant persons unconscious of their ignorance—whose chief impression about science is that, because it has rendered some strange things credible, it justifies us in believing any strange thing whatever—that a power which has so imposing a name must have some corresponding reality. Other persons, we regret to say, who have some genuine, though limited, scientific pretensions, have given the weight of their authority to the supposed discoveries. What real importance should be attributed to their speculations may be learnt from a very interesting article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. Meanwhile the London Dialectical Society has published a Report of the investigations undertaken by its Committee, and that Report is in some respects so curious that we propose to say a few words about it, without discussing the general bearings of a question on which enough has been said by competent persons. The Committee prefix to a volume of considerable size a summary of the results obtained. They state that, besides receiving a variety of evidence, they divided themselves into six Sub-Committees. These Sub-Committees held a number of meetings, and their Reports, as the Committee state, "substantially corroborate each other, and would appear to establish" various propositions; the most important of these being, that heavy bodies have been frequently moved and sounds produced without any muscular action, and that, a code of signals having been established, various communications are obtained—though it is not said from whom. The Committee call attention to the fact that many of the persons thus corroborating each other were originally sceptics. We are duly impressed, and turn to the Reports of the Sub-Committees in question. Here we find that Sub-Committee No. 2 professes to have witnessed all the phenomena described, and in very startling forms. Sub-Committee No. 1 saw tables moved without contact with any human being, and Sub-Committee No. 3 saw tables move under the influence of, as they supposed, very inadequate force. Sub-Committee No. 4 saw nothing worth recording. Sub-Committee No. 5 saw nothing, and heard only a few raps, though they were honoured by the presence of Mr. Home. Sub-Committee No. 6 saw nothing except a ridiculous attempt at imposture. Thus half the Sub-Committees saw nothing whatever, and of the remaining three, one only held the so-called communication by means of signals. And yet the Committee calmly states that the Reports substantially corroborate each other, and that a "large majority of the Committee have become actually witnesses to several phases of the phenomena without the aid or presence of any professional medium." What is meant by "substantial corroboration" we must leave to be decided by persons who call themselves a Dialectical Society. We could not, under the circumstances, very well imagine less corroboration, as we understand the term. We will next endeavour to form some estimate of the acuteness of the Sub-Committee which was more favoured than its neighbours. The most remarkable narrative which it records, and which we have no space to give at length, depends for its point chiefly upon the following circumstance. A spirit revealed to the party that his executor had embezzled certain money which the spirit had left to one of the ladies present. Now, as it is said, neither the lady nor any other person had been previously aware of this fact, and, so far from suspecting the executor, she had made him a handsome present for his kind discharge of his duty. On investigation, however, it turned out that the spirit was correct in his statements, and the Committee wondered greatly at the unaccountable revelation thus made. It is a very pretty story; but two remarks must be added. In the first place, the investigation above mentioned consisted in the lady's husband referring to certain "letters which were in his wife's possession, and which

had not been looked at for years." It is clear, then, that she had looked at them, and that she might have ascertained the facts for herself. The question is whether we are to believe that a spirit gave her the information some years afterwards through a table, or whether she had some dim recollection of the facts, and unconsciously directed the utterances of the table by a process too familiar to need explanation. There is yet a third hypothesis, which, as not complimentary to the lady's sincerity, we decline to state explicitly; but it certainly seems more probable than the interference of a spirit. In fact, the wonder disappears as soon as we see that the information was easily accessible without a trace of supernatural means. But, in the next place, Dr. Edmunds tells us in a very sensible letter that the report of this incident as first composed was substantially different, and that, on his pointing out an "internal incoherence or contradiction," it was rewritten. The writer of the Report tries to put a different colour upon this incident; but when the evidence as to the most wonderful story related is thus confused and uncertain, we hope that we are not very sceptical in treating the whole affair as too absurd to deserve further notice.

The whole of the evidence collected by the Sub-Committees may be put in two words. Setting aside the silly rapping stories related by one Sub-Committee alone, it does appear that certain ladies and gentlemen sitting in a room saw, or thought they saw, a table move without being touched, or without being affected by any adequate muscular force. If this phenomenon had been properly verified by scientific observers, it would doubtless deserve further investigation; but the vague and loose manner in which all the circumstances are reported makes it quite impossible for us to attach the slightest value to the facts, or to conjecture the most probable explanation. It may, however, be noticed that the state of mind of the witnesses is one material consideration. Most people have seen ghosts enough, according to Coleridge's saying, to cease to believe in them; and the utter incapacity for distinguishing between the objective and subjective is a curious feature in most of the evidence volunteered by different witnesses. Thus, for example, we look at a paper by Miss Anna Blackwell, containing some fifty pages of such portentous twaddle as this:—"What we call the Universe having no original or independent existence, but being the ultimatum into the plane of Derivation of the Causal possibilities inherent in the Divine Essentiality"; and we discover the following instructive anecdote imbedded in the balderdash. Shortly after the death of a distinguished novelist, a lady looked into the tortoiseshell handle of her parasol and thought she saw his face looking at her from the surface of the shell. Miss Blackwell thinks it possible (we can't imagine why) that if other persons had been present they would have seen the same; and she imagines that this appearance was caused by a spirit; if she was capable of descending from the philosophical altitudes which she appears to tread with a firmness worthy of Miss Hominy, she might perhaps give us her reasons for not attributing it to a trifling attack of indigestion. To return, however, to our Sub-Committee, we learn from their own Report that they generally saw these wonders at dead of night, when all external noises had ceased, in a dim religious twilight, and, what is significant after the story we have told, that they were never obtained except in the presence of the two ladies of the party. We fear that those ladies, and this is really the most practical moral from the Report, were trying a very dangerous experiment. Dr. Edmunds tells us that of the few people whom he has known engaged in such pursuits, one has become the subject of "well marked mental illness," and another is in a lunatic asylum; whilst a member of one of the Sub-Committees who took part in an exciting *séance* has since been seized with a mysterious form of paralysis. It is comparatively a slight evil that a knot of curious persons should talk inconceivable nonsense, torture evidence out of all shape, and proclaim imaginary discoveries. But anybody who has seen something of the working of Spiritualism here and in America knows that sensitive and excitable persons are running a risk of a most serious kind. The inquirers may be simply making fools of themselves and many of their admirers, but they are making lunatics of others; and little as they may be conscious of their responsibility, we are inclined to speak of their proceedings with disgust rather than ridicule.

One remark may be added on a subject which is sufficiently humiliating to sensible people. This volume contains a letter from Mr. Wallace, who is a believer, and who goes at some length into an argument which we frequently hear. If, it is said, science has revealed phenomena which once seemed to be incredible, but are now explicable by known laws, why should it not reveal equally startling discoveries in a different sphere of inquiry? Why are not spirits to be received as well as electric telegraphs? Without going into the accuracy of this analogy, there is one simple remark which may do for unscientific people. When a true scientific law has been discovered, it may always be verified, and it is in fact in many cases tested daily by crucial experiments. When Franklin had once discovered that lightning was produced by an electric discharge, any qualified observer could repeat his experiments, and accordingly his discoveries were speedily recognised throughout the civilized world. When the electric telegraph has once been set to work, everybody may satisfy himself a dozen times a day that it really does what it professes to do. The wretched imposture of Spiritualism differs signally in both these respects. So far from being able to repeat the experiments, the believers proclaim in the strongest way that the phenomena will only take place in the most capricious manner,

and, singularly enough, they take place for the most part in darkened rooms and in the absence of scientific observers. If they are simply delusions, this is precisely what we should expect; if they depend upon any such thing as a "psychic force," it must be entirely different from all other forces with which we are acquainted. Mr. Home is an electric battery that will only give a shock when the best observers are absent and the conditions for observation carefully removed. And yet more, if there is a word of truth in some of the pretended results, nothing would be easier than to demonstrate them beyond all cavil. When the electric telegraph brought us the news of the burning of Chicago, any unbeliever in its powers would have been unanswerably confuted. Why did not the spirits who, as we remember, were very active at the time, tell us of the assassination of Lincoln before the Atlantic telegraph was in operation? One such fact would be all but absolutely conclusive; but not a single example of the kind has ever occurred, and such attempts as have been made have failed ridiculously. All the Spiritualists in America tried to discover the position of Lincoln's assassin, and not one of them even made a good guess. Till they succeed in satisfying some such simple test we shall take the liberty of holding them to be impostors. Mr. Varley gives incidentally an odd illustration of this. He tries to explain why spirits are incapable of expressing scientific ideas, and he tells us that the probable reason is that the spirits are generally an ignorant set. Substituting mediums for spirits, we should be inclined to accept the explanation. But a few pages before he tells us that he has been in communication with Franklin. Surely that eminent person might have put him up to a discovery or two of a scientific kind which would have unmistakably revealed the presence of a more than human intelligence. But, by a singular fatality, the spirits perversely shrink from any thing that would really be a crucial test, and, as we shall venture to think, for the best of all possible reasons. Meanwhile we can only hope that this Report of the Dialectical Society will involuntarily lead, in spite of the accumulation of preposterous stories which they have added to the Committee Reports, to discrediting a little further one of the most unequivocally degrading superstitions that have ever found currency amongst reasonable beings.

RUINS.

IRRATIONAL sentiment, moving along a beaten and well-worn track, has created a factitious admiration of ruins for their own sake. The poets have perhaps had something to answer for in promoting this peculiar form of sentimental weakness. But the offences in this direction of men like Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron are always venial, and are much more often to be charged upon their readers than on themselves. People have maundered about "fair Melrose" in a manner that derives no justification from the famous lines; and in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* we are not asked to pore on the Coliseum merely because the arches are broken or because the creepers are thick. When he is not writing pointedly about himself, Byron very seldom produces sentiment without a makeweight of strong and definite thought.

Besides, the poets are responsible only for a very little of the nonsense which is commonly fancied and acted about ruins. No poet worthy of the name ever did anything but laugh at Belinda nursing her rose-tinted sorrows and fond imaginations under the shadow of the broken column or the ivy-mantled tower. And even Belinda has become something of a time-honoured object herself, now that ruins have passed into the novel stage of existence created by excursion trains and monster pic-nics. In some parts of England, the summer months, by means of the careful solicitude of railway directors, are beautified with a succession of delights announced as "galas," and talked of as "gaylas"; and for some wonderful reason the thousands of excursionists who desire a day of lounging and feeding and flirtation are supposed to be more powerfully stimulated by the idea of ruins than by any other. Accordingly, the advertisements teem with promises of this attractive feature in the proposed place of destination; and, if any solitary wanderer happens to visit the ruins on the morrow of a "gala," he will find traces of the enthusiasm which they have aroused in large sheets of discarded newspaper, and corks and broken bottles. Even John Thomas, as he moves about with "the family," owes it to himself not to be behindhand in sharing the popular sentiment. We all recollect the London footman's comprehensive criticism of Bury St. Edmunds, when conversing with a country colleague recently come up from that town:—"I knows your town, James, and I likes it; you've good streets, a good neighbourhood, good houses, and you've lots of rewings; but as for your champagne," &c. &c.

Now, what lies at the bottom of all this sentiment, which converts ruins into "rewings," and makes them glow rather unpleasantly with a garish blaze of popularity? It is tolerably easy to detect the instrumental causes of the excursion trains and of the zeal displayed by the third-class people. Cheap literature—and, looking at the railway advertisements of this epoch, we are bound to add *gratis* literature as well—has done its work; and the third-class people are aware, to an infinitely wider extent than they were ten or twenty years ago, that there are such things as ruins to be got at, and that the first-class people are much in the habit of going to them. Then comes in the principle of imitation;

ruins become the fashion; and the excursion trains fill to suffocation. But what lies at the bottom of the sentiment of the first-class people? The John and Mary of the excursion train simply go to the ruins because other Johns and Marys go in large numbers; it has become the correct thing to go, and they enjoy life heartily when they get there. Perhaps, if we were curious to analyse their feelings far enough, we might detect that, though they do not often or intentionally "flout the ruins grey," they frolic all the merrier from a sense of contrast. The effigy of the abbot against the wall, or the broken vaulting over his head, looks so very old and queer, and they themselves feel so very full of life and so undeniably in the centre of society as it should be, that, quite unconsciously to their own minds, they derive a stimulated enjoyment from the crumbling edifices around them. But the first-class people go a step beyond this—a good many steps in their own belief; and what is it precisely that draws the average first-class people (putting antiquaries, amateur or professed, out of the question) to ruins as such?

Ruins, in point of fact and in the eye of sane thought, are an object giving rise to sadness, or to regret, or to confusion of idea. Sometimes a ruin, or a building going to ruin, is capable of being soundly, harmoniously, and effectively restored; and wherever this is the case, nothing but a weak and drivelling sentiment can be ascribed to the observer who would prefer a progressive decay to the restoration. But often ruins have reached a stage which no longer admits of any judicious attempt at restoration. And what do they then denote? They denote one of two things; either gradual failure of purpose, and consequent neglect, or else some rude and violent crisis of destruction. Neither of these alternatives affords a very pleasant resting-place for thought. Failure of purpose is sad enough, as any one may feel on a large scale when exploring some vast mediæval church or abbey that took several lifetimes to plan and to complete, and that symbolizes teeming thoughts and unwavering beliefs in the perpetuity and majesty of a Church Universal; or on a smaller scale when tracing out painfully some sculptured panel, and realizing for a moment the intensity of hope and of delight that inspired the work now all but obliterated. Not only is a high purpose over and over again seen to have failed, but many long stages of neglect in ruins too often show that failure was followed by oblivion. Or else the traces are those of violent destruction—either the violence of recklessness, or what is scarcely less sad, the violence of a mistaken application of principle. We do not mean to suggest that the first-class people habitually mar their day's enjoyment by pursuing thoughts like these; but perhaps a vague and dim sense of sadness, backed by the sentimental willingness to experience slightly a sadness which has no chance of inconveniently penetrating the heart, lies at the root of the widespread fancy for ruins. The unconscious feeling of contrast, and some perception of real beauty in outline and colour, may be adjuncts; but the sentiment just described—a sort of *suave mari magno* consciousness applied to the past—is perhaps the predominating cause. This sentiment is found in a culminating form of stupid vulgarity when artificial ruins, or "follies," as they are not unfrequently called in some districts of England, are purposely constructed as an embellishment to some picturesque point in a domain. Such edifices are precisely what we might imagine the typical John Thomas to set about erecting if Fortune suddenly placed him in possession of an ancestral property. And, if other evidence were wanting, they would be evidence enough that in order to give full swing to the sentiment of ruin-hunting for its own sake, not only reason but healthy imagination also must be sent to sleep. We may test this by taking the example of almost any well-known ruin. Let us select Glastonbury, for the very reason that it is, in Professor Willis's words, "beyond all possibility of architectural restoration." Say what we will, Glastonbury will never be restored. But supposing it were still possible to rebuild the magnificent abbey church, nine out of ten of the regulation ruin-hunters would look on the restoration as no better than a work of desecrating Vandalism. In other words, the great church is valued by such people for the very reason, which they have never troubled themselves to analyse, that it is in ruins. Yet there is not a single point of view from which the ruined state of Glastonbury is not matter for the keenest regret. If it were still complete, we should not have to deplore, and vainly to seek for some rational account of, the extreme brutality which attended the Dissolution of the greater houses, leaving an abbey like Glastonbury in its present state, and the principal parts of an abbey like Beaulieu with literally not one stone remaining on another. If it were still complete, the almost unrivalled church would be in itself a history. It would throw light on many difficult architectural questions, especially on the connexion with the church itself of the Chapel of St. Joseph, the beautiful late-Norman structure that stands on the site of what was probably the very earliest Christian church ever raised in England. Not only would it illustrate the whole life of this, the premier Abbey of Great Britain, but it might have cleared up—by memorials in sculpture or carving, and possibly by more definite records—some small portion of the thick darkness resting on the mythical annals of our country. St. Joseph of Arimathea, the reputed founder of the western chapel still bearing his name, and the legendary custodian of the Grail, is the saint most frequently mentioned in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory; and hard by the south side of the chapel is the spot where the legend tells that Lancelot buried the Queen, and where in 1189 the Abbot is said to have found the gigantic bone belonging to the

corse of Arthur. But, putting legend aside, who can look rationally at a ruin like the great church of Glastonbury Abbey, and not see that, interesting as it is even now, it would have a less sad and much more intense interest if it were in the condition of Westminster, or Peterborough, or Lincoln?

In the adjoining county of Dorset there is another ruin, of a totally different type, which yearly attracts a large number of typical ruin-visitors, and of which just the same remarks might be made over again. Corfe Castle, which crowns the steep conical hill forming a sort of bastion in the great gap through the Purbeck range, is magnificent as a ruin, but it would be just as magnificent and ten times more interesting if it had not been knocked out of shape and completely dismantled by the united efforts of Parliamentary gunpowder, after the surrender in 1646, and of the anxiety of neighbouring residents to get building material without paying for it. As it stands, it makes a very majestic, though rather ragged, ring round the curious hill on which it is built. If it had not been reduced to a ruin, it would have remained, with a not less majestic exterior, a most interesting and instructive interpreter of some of the very earliest methods of castellated building, as well as of the whole internal economy of the great strongholds of England.

The French have, or at any rate the late Imperial Government had, a clear understanding of the weak side of ruins, regarded merely in the character of ruins. And, though renovation was sometimes carried to a point a good way beyond the limit of sound taste and judgment, yet the principle of renovation was the right principle. We question whether any one who of late years has visited the Pont du Gard, near Nîmes, can fail to have regarded the Napoleonic renovations, though no doubt far from perfect in conception, as a distinct gain rather than a loss. They at any rate prevent the pervading sense of neglect and advancing decay; they guarantee a long duration to the great aqueduct itself, which in design and in the main structure is not interfered with; and so far they certainly rise some degrees above the unreflecting sentiment about ruins which is so common among ourselves, and represent ideas not quite confined to the picnic level. Whatever their other faults may be, the French certainly cannot be taxed with cherishing an irrational fondness for "rewings."

ANGLICAN COMMENTS ON THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

IT was hardly to be expected that so promising a subject of discussion as the recent meeting of *Altkatholiken* at Munich would be lost sight of at the Church Congress of 1871, especially when it assembled under the presidency of so keen and practised a controversialist as the Bishop of Lincoln. He had, indeed, already manifested his interest in the movement by addressing an *Epistola Synodica Episcoporum et Cleri Lincolnensis* to Dr. Dollinger and his allies, expressive of the warmest sympathy. It was only natural therefore that he should seize the opportunity of the Congress to give fuller expression to his sentiments on the subject in a paper on which, together with the debate which followed it, we propose making some remarks here. Dr. Wordsworth is well known to be a learned writer, and one who has made the controversy with Rome a special study; but he is perhaps hardly less distinguished by that one-sidedness which is the besetting sin of polemical divines, and of which not a few amusing specimens may be detected in his works. There are not wanting indications of a similar spirit in his recent address; but it contains, on the whole, a fairly accurate account of the position and principles of the Old Catholics, and in assailing the Ultramontane theories of Papal infallibility and supremacy it is difficult for a man of real learning not to say something to the purpose. When the Bishop begins by pointing out that, in promulgating the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, Pius IX. virtually assumed the attribute of infallibility, he is merely repeating what some of the most prominent Roman Catholic divines, including Archbishop Kenrick, have already insisted on. He might indeed have added, what happens to be well known, though of course it was not publicly asserted at the time, that the chief motive for the definition of 1854 was to bring in infallibility by a side wind. Roman monsignori who were in the full confidence of the Pope did not hesitate to avow this at the time. And although it is probably true that the doctrine itself was already very generally believed both by clergy and laity, there was a considerable party, including nearly all the most eminent among the Roman Catholic bishops, who were strongly opposed to its being made into an article of faith. It was only, however, in the light of later events that the ulterior object and significance of the definition came to be clearly appreciated, and accordingly the programme of the Old Catholics opened with a formal repudiation of this and other *ex cathedra* decisions of the present Pope. The Syllabus which followed ten years later was a second and, considering the subject matter, far more momentous, exercise of Papal infallibility; and Dr. Wordsworth is perfectly justified in calling attention to a third, of which little notice has been taken in this country, but which has excited hardly less indignation in Catholic Germany than the Syllabus itself. We mean the elevation, by a decree issued only last July, of Alfonso Liguori to the rank of a "Doctor of the Church," which invests the whole of his teaching—and very curious teaching some of it is—with the borrowed light of infallibility. Considering

how very few of her greatest writers Rome has thought it prudent to elevate to this perilous dignity—St. Bonaventura, we believe, is the latest before Liguori—it is impossible not to recognise a special meaning in this first official act of the newly proclaimed infallible Pontiff, especially when taken in connexion with the very remarkable series of beatifications and canonizations—all betraying the same Jesuit authorship—which have characterized the present reign. It is sufficient to observe here that the list includes the half-crazy nun, Margaret Alacogne, who was made the instrument of introducing a new and strange "devotion" into the Church, and two inquisitors, chiefly distinguished for their exceptional cruelty in their work of blood, whose saintship therefore supplies a living comment on the persecuting articles of the Syllabus.

Dr. Wordsworth is not always equally happy in his remarks on Concordats. It is hardly less unreasonable to represent the civil Governments as invariably right in the long-standing quarrel between the *Regale* and *Pontificale* than to adopt the opposite conclusion of Ultramontane historians. And the absurdity of this sweeping verdict reaches its climax when the signature extorted, almost by physical violence, from Pius VII. at Savona in 1811, and soon afterwards retracted, and the so-called Council summoned the same year by Napoleon to browbeat him, are referred to with evident approval as assertions of ecclesiastical independence against Papal tyranny. Such arguments damage the best cause. Bishop Wordsworth is more at home in dealing with the present condition of Church affairs in Italy. We were not aware that so many as eighty-nine Italian sees were vacant; but we quite agree with him as to the extreme unwisdom of the Government in handing over all appointments to the absolute control of the Pope, and that too without any diminution of the excessive number of sees, which almost quadruple those of any other Catholic country, as was often and bitterly noted during the Vatican Council. The Bishop is again quite right about the "oath of vassalage" imposed at their consecration on all Roman Catholic bishops, which—by an adroit substitution introduced some centuries ago of *regalia Sancti Petri for regulas Sanctorum Patrum*—binds those who take it, at least as far as words go, to the most abject subservience to the caprice of the reigning Pontiff. But it can hardly be true that in Italy, where canon law is still in force, "bishops have absolute control over the clergy of their dioceses, and can suspend them *at will* from their office, and deprive them of their livelihood." This is the case in France, by virtue of Napoleon's Concordat with the Pope, and is of course the case among English Roman Catholics; for the so-called hierarchy of 1850 is the merest sham, since neither bishops nor parish priests are bound by canonical restraints or enjoy canonical rights. But in Italy, as in Catholic Germany, a parish priest cannot be deprived without at least a formal process, though it may well be that the protection it secures would in Italy be more nominal than real. There is another and a more important point on which Dr. Wordsworth will probably be glad to find that he is mistaken. We have not at this moment the Munich programme of the Old Catholics before us in the original. But in no single translation that we have seen is there anything bearing out the assertion that "they take their stand on the ground of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.;" and it seems indeed hardly conceivable that they should do so, after beginning with an express repudiation of doctrines resting solely on the *ipse dixit* of the Pope. For the Creed of Pius IV., though based in substance on the Tridentine definitions, was not issued till two years after the dissolution of the Council, and rests on the authority of Pius himself and his successors in the Papal See, who have continued to sanction it, and in certain cases enforce its reception. Persons appointed to ecclesiastical dignities, for instance, are required to subscribe it. But it rests on quite a different ground from the canons of Trent, to which the Old Catholics really professed their adhesion, and the distinction was officially admitted in a parallel case at Rome, and, oddly enough, on the demand of the Jesuits. The Catechism of Trent, like the Creed of Pope Pius, was drawn up after the dissolution of the Council, and issued by authority of the Pope; but when the once famous case *De Auribus* was being tried at Rome, a passage favouring the predestinarian view was quoted against the Jesuits from the *Catechismus ad Parochos*. They at once challenged the quotation, on the ground that the *Catechismus* was not an authoritative symbolic document, and the objection was allowed. It is worth while to bear this distinction in mind, since the Creed of Pius IV., though it is mainly a summary of the Tridentine decrees, dogmatically affirms the Church of Rome to be "the mother and mistress of all Churches." The clause may no doubt be taken as merely asserting the primacy of Rome, but it is not included as a dogma in the Tridentine canons, and the Old Catholics would hardly go out of their way to saddle themselves with it, considering the far more stringent interpretation suggested by the history of the modern Papacy, and unquestionably intended by the authors of the Creed.

Of the various speakers who followed the Bishop of Lincoln, the two whose observations are most deserving of notice were Mr. Ffoulkes and Mr. MacColl. Mr. Ffoulkes, as a "revert," of course speaks of Roman Catholic matters with that personal knowledge and keen interest which the consciousness *quorum pars magna fui* can alone impart, though we must venture to add that he is not altogether free from the intemperate "zeal" which is proverbially attributed to "renegades." His short and easy method of settling the intricate problem of the Crusades is an instance of this:—"The real object of the Crusader was

to subjugate the Eastern Church to the Western, while the object of Concordats was to subject the Western Church to the Pope. The strong family likeness between them was confined to one feature—hypocrisy." It is not very clear who is meant here by "the Crusader." But whether the preachers who instigated, or the Popes who sanctioned, or the sovereigns who led, or the volunteers who formed the main body of the crusading armies, are intended, the statement is equally and glaringly inaccurate. Does Mr. Ffoulkes really imagine that the dominating aim of Peter the Hermit, or St. Bernard, or Richard I., or St. Louis, was to subjugate the East to the West, and all Christendom to the Pope? Or how can he account, on this strange hypothesis, for the fatal but honest enthusiasm which sacrificed tens of thousands of young lives in the tragical "Children's Crusade"? And as to the Popes, the great founder of the modern Papacy, Gregory VII., had passed away before the first Crusade; and the greatest and most ambitious of his successors, Innocent III., can hardly be credited with these mean and sordid aims, though it is true that he took the opportunity of the fourth Crusade to found the ill-starred Latin Empire and Patriarchate of Constantinople. No doubt one main object of the so-called crusades against the Albigenses and other heretics was the advancement and strengthening of Roman absolutism; but we do not understand Mr. Ffoulkes to be referring to those wars. His observations on the oath of Roman Catholic bishops are perfectly just, but to that point we have already referred. Mr. MacColl seems to have chiefly occupied himself in defending the non-Protestant character of the German Old Catholic movement against the attacks or sneers of previous speakers. On this aspect of the subject we have so lately dwelt, that it is enough here to record our conviction of the obvious reasonableness of his comments. Apart from all theological disputes, it is a matter of common sense that the personal infallibility of the Pope and the infallibility of the Church are wholly different ideas. We do not exactly know what Mr. Garrett may have meant by saying that "the desire for some infallible judge of controversies was very strong on the Continent." The desire for infallible guidance is certainly a strong instinct in the minds of many men, and still more women, all the world over, and has even found an impassioned exponent before now in so unpromising an advocate as Mr. Carlyle. But we should have thought that, just at present, the infallible judgment of the Pope was rather at a discount on the Continent. How far the Church of England is likely to fulfil "the prophecy of an eminent Roman Catholic gentleman," as Bishop Wordsworth rather oddly designates De Maistre, by becoming a mediating instrument between Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, is a question too wide to enter upon here. But there can be little doubt that all who desire to promote such a consummation will do wisely to follow the Bishop's counsel of thinking more about the points they agree upon than those whereon they disagree. And he will find not a few disposed to assent to the justice of his suggestion that, in view of the menacing attitude of Ultramontanism on the one hand and Communism on the other, the party who are contending so manfully for truth and freedom within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church deserve some sympathy even from those who are beyond the pale of their communion.

CHANNEL COMMUNICATIONS.

WE never cross the Channel, in fine weather or foul, without wishing that some of the money our investors are always squandering had been sunk in it. It could scarcely have returned them less than original shares in many of our railway lines; and even the shifting sands and hungry billows would have been less ravenous than Credit and Contract Companies (Limited). In any case our capitalists would have burned their fingers for their country's good, and their outlay, as the French say, would have defined the situation neatly. At present, in the absence of all precedent of any sort, any magnificent-minded projector can put forward a fair claim to be listened to. Until all and sundry of the suggested schemes have been tried, we wretched victims are loath to pronounce against any one of them. If one thread of communication breaks, another may hold, and we long too ardently for release from our woes to be willing to part with the wildest chance in our favour. At first blush, it seems a strong argument against the practicability of bridging, tubing, or tunnelling, that the Company mongers would have none of them, even in the maddest paroxysms of ingenious speculation. But international communications are proverbially difficult to establish; the Mont Cenis tunnel has been in course of boring for years, and it is only now that an understanding has been come to about driving the competitive route through the St. Gothard. Speculators and speculative simpletons follow each other like sheep. Overtax competition beyond all hope of a profit, and yet a single favourable balance-sheet, struck under the most different circumstances, will assure the success of any number of mendacious prospectuses. But unreasoning capital has a shivering fit of its habitual timidity if you indicate an utterly novel field for its operations; and even monied intelligence looks askance at the daring pioneers of some original conception. It must be confessed that it was enough to make one and the other shrink back when they were invited to a plunge in the bleak waters of the Channel, and yet even that plunge might seem more seductive than the prospects of a passage in the air. We should be sorry to pledge ourselves to the success of any of the subterranean

schemes, although the distinguished names which stand their sponsors may make us slow to reject them. Mr. Bateman's tubular railway is theoretically plausible as well as practicable; similar works have answered excellently when tried on a relatively minute scale, and the minimum traffic should yield a satisfactory return on the estimated outlay. To our minds, putting ourselves in the place of intending investors, it would be an objection to the scheme that the slightest flaw in the tube must swamp the Company, to say nothing of any casual trainful of passengers. And who is to guarantee the soundness of the infinite number of bolts and rivets that screw up the thin partition dividing you from eternity? Tunnels, we suppose, may be made practically safe, if geological experts should pronounce favourably of the strata, and the engineers should burrow deep enough. But on only one point connected with them can projectors hope to satisfy the convictions of the public, and that regards the stupendous fact of their cost.

This consideration applies even more forcibly to the romantic idea of a flying bridge. We do not say that its projector does not regard it with perfect gravity, and we make little question that his estimates are both shrewdly and cleverly prepared. But for his backers. We know how our fathers ridiculed the idea of steam traction with the extravagant velocity of some eight miles an hour, and to our antiquated prejudices the Dover and Calais Bridge looks like nothing but the illusive vision of a fairy tale. Our mind, we confess, cannot grapple the preliminary engineering difficulty of constructing the piles; these things are altogether too deep for us. We remember the series of casualties that delayed the progress of the works at our best-known lighthouses, and in these cases the workmen had at least a sound basis of rock ready to their hands. We can conceive no grander theme for an epic than Science and Toil defying Nature and *Æolus* and all the rest of them in a wild December day; the scene laid deep among the sands at the bottom of the ocean, pickaxe or trowel being plied placidly by the fitful lamplight at the bottom of the shaft that is shut in high overhead by a faint gleam of sickly daylight. The walls of your damp prison house are pretty steady where you are, thanks to the profound depth at which you are doing your bit of job-work. But, howling in the mouth of the shaft above, you hear the diabolical shrieks of the storm, while the dash of the roaring billows outside sways visibly the creaking timbers and trembling bulkheads, and even makes those long ladders rattle audibly which offer you your only means of retreat. We do not say British wealth might not bribe British pluck to go through the sustained strain of an ordeal so fearful; or that engineering science might not smooth some of the difficulties, and let the workman down more easily. In any case, we should fancy, the wages must be excessive, and the total outlay consequently fabulous. Nor is that all, or the worst. Suppose the bridge constructed, we should be curious to know how often the international traffic would be suspended in the course of the year, and for how long. The probable accidents would be a perfect godsend to the London press, even in the autumn equinox of the silly season, and the consequent actions would give a fresh impulse to the flagging industry of the Courts of Law. Picture to yourself the Channel in a gusty night, everything as black as pitch, except here and there where you catch the pale gleam on the crest of a breaker. The storm signals have been flying everywhere all the day before, and everything that fears sinking is scudding as swiftly as it can for shelter. Conceive long-waisted, deep laden screw-steamers, or under-manned, water-logged colliers, having the time or skill under the circumstances to thread the lights ahead that indicate the narrow passage of the open bridge. From the Calais night express, stopped, like a pedestrian at the crossing by the Bank, to let the cross rush of sea traffic go by it, you would hear the crashing of timbers and crushing of iron plates, if indeed you could hear anything for the roar of the elements. Were such a bridge opened over the Channel, we know where we should look for the thickest cluster of the black dots on the wreck chart, unless enterprise should rise to a superb suspension bridge, swung between Cape Griznez and Shakspeare's Cliff.

Even when speculators have picked and chosen among these schemes or dreams, we shall have to wait some years at the shortest for the relief they offer us. Meantime life is short; misery makes the middle passage appear abominably long, and we know that in the common course of probabilities we shall have to face it by steamer many times again. Why should the rival Companies defy us in stolid indifference, and decline altogether to ameliorate our lot? The sufferings that may be witnessed any rough night in the tourist season would move to compassion any one less case-hardened than a Railway Director; they have been known to work even on the callous sympathies of Channel mariners. As for delicate women and invalids, these hardships must murder them wholesale; while in weak constitutions they must sow the seeds of more consumptive diseases than the Cornice and all the cod-liver oil in the world can cure. You are turned out at midnight in any of the Continental stations, say Calais for choice. The steamer is lying in the harbour comparatively hard by, so the train does not transport you on to the end of the pier. The steamer is quite far enough off though, as you learn to your cost. You have a lady in charge, and are weighted with the appropriate bags, rugs, and umbrellas. You toil along despairingly in the rear of the rush of passengers, who, more or less heavily handicapped, have entered themselves for the berths. With the weight you are forced to give way to them; you know you have not the faintest chance of being placed. It is blowing half a gale, and the rain is driving in

blinding sheets. You have no hand to spare for an umbrella, and the officious wind lifts your coat-skirts back, that the rain may soak well into you. You go slipping over the wet paving-stones, tripping in the grooves of the sunken rails, and stumbling over chains and cables, to the gangway. The gangway is perpendicular, guarded by gendarmes, who demand your passport, and blocked by a corpulent female, wedged tight by her bundles. Next you encounter the slippery corkscrew staircase that leads to the cabin—called "companion," *lucus a non lucendo*, because you must tumble down it in single file—and you force it in the face of a combination of fetid stenches that forecast your coming qualms. The only thing that can spare you them is a recumbent posture, and at best there are only berths and sofas for a third of the passengers. All these are of course secured beforehand, and the den itself, with its deadlights screwed up, and its suggestive porcelain already distributed over its greasy wax-cloth flooring, is crammed as full as it can hold by drenched figures and woe-begone faces, livid in the shadow of the coming epidemic. Your wife returns herself on your feverish hands, having found the ladies' dog-hole positively carpeted with dragged dresses and the limp forms within them. By dint of bribes to the stewards and insidious appeals to the chivalrous feelings of the milder passengers, you perhaps find her grovelling room among the legs of one of the tables. For yourself you struggle back on deck, as the long narrow vessel goes plunging through the green seas, past the points of the twin piers. Quivering masses of unconscious humanity in crushed hats and slimy tarpaulin capes lie already groaning on the benches. The comparatively snug corners, in the draft of the paddle-boxes, in the quiver of the engines, and within full blast of the oily stench from the machinery, have already been monopolized. Nothing is left you but to look for standing-room somewhere. If you go aft, you face the extremity of motion; if you go forward, you are in the full wash of the waves that sweep the fore-castle. If you elect to balance yourself amidships, and strain your aching eyeballs for the Dover lights, even there your watching is lightened by the excitement of the occasional seas that throw their chill backwater into your coat-collar. By the time you reach the shore, whatever your anxiety to find yourself in the great metropolis, whatever your motive for practising a rigid economy, you feel that a warm bed at the "Lord Warden" and dry clothes when you rise again are worth any sacrifice of time or money. Not that your troubles are ended even when you step on land. You have the scramble up barnacle-covered stairs, and the rush along wet and windy arcades, with occasional bursts across the boisterous open.

If you have come from Ostend your lot is worse. There is a smaller steamer, and there are fewer sleeping-places. You have a five or six hours' passage; if you have travelled *via* Antwerp, Brussels has appropriated all the accommodation long before you board the boat, while the ransom demanded for your transport is unconscionably out of proportion to the very moderate fare on the Belgian railways. Why, one asks, should the travelling world acquiesce so long in the parsimonious despotism and calculating cruelty of the Steamboat Companies? Your tormentors name their own prices, and they charge you enough, in all conscience, to enable them to make things pleasanter. Pending the realization of the Utopian proposal of a Brobdingnagian ferry-boat that shall accommodate whole mail trains, why not insist on their enlarging their steamers or putting on more of them? We are aware that tidal harbours impose certain limits in the way of burden, but there is no reason why we should not have longer and broader boats, drawing all the time no more water than the present ones. There is less reason still why the Companies should not put on a couple of steamers when the accommodation of a single one is inadequate. We conceive that every night traveller in ordinary circumstances has an indefensible claim to seven feet of berth or sofa, where he may press his sick horsehair pillow in comparative tranquillity. In the meantime we may mention that the cheap routes are positively the more comfortable. Go by Newhaven or Dieppe, and you are at any rate sure of a fair-sized boat, although of course you must steal a march on your fellow-passengers if you hold to the sybaritical luxury of a sofa. We have little faith in the tyranny of existing interests being amenable to prayers or threats. We only wish some new Company would offer us an opportunity of attacking them on their feeble side, and leaving their swift mail-boats to carry our insensible correspondence.

PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

OF a truth, the stars in their courses have fought for Italy. It seems but yesterday that she was the accidental aggregation of a few miserable fragments, the victim of half a dozen petty despots, the prey of a score of scheming Jesuits, and the piteous sympathizing Europe. She is now, to all appearance, a consolidated nation, a recognised member of the political system, with the dignity and responsibility of independence. A change so sudden and so great cannot fail to excite some doubts of its permanence. Nor are these doubts removed by a consideration of the means by which it was brought about. There is not an Italian who pretends that it was won only by the strong arm or resolute courage of Italians. It becomes therefore an interesting question whether their own conduct will enable them to preserve all those advantages which the co-operation of fortune with the interposition of friends first acquired for them.

There is no possibility of discussing this question without reference to the character of the Italian people. On the virtues or vices of the people themselves depends the stability or instability of Italian independence. They may possess the goodwill of England, they may have the support of a party in France, or they may rouse the armed intervention of Germany; but all these external forces will fail them in the hour of need, unless they themselves have the virtue to assert and the fortitude to maintain the position to which goodwill and good luck have raised them. That there is much courage, endurance, and patriotism among Italians, no one can doubt. The kingdom of Italy contains many races and many classes. The vice and corruption of its great cities are relieved by the virtues of its villages and its peasantry. In no population of Europe are the elements of martial prowess more clearly defined than in the rough mountaineers who till the slopes of the Southern Alps. If other races of the Peninsula are inferior to the hardy Piedmontese in warlike aptitude, they are far from being entirely deficient in the qualities which make good soldiers. No capable commander could fail to turn to account the intelligence of the Milanese, the enthusiasm of the Romagnese, and the fierce impetuosity of the Calabrian peasantry. Here are the materials of as good an army as can be got together anywhere. Well led and well disciplined, such an army would be capable of keeping any invader at bay. The question is, Would it be well led?

This brings us to the old question. What are the training and habits of the men from whom would come the officers of the army? If they are represented by the *financiers* of the great cities, the answer is clear and fatal. But most of the officers of the Italian army come from a section of the middle classes which is far from rich, and to which the pleasures of the capital are wholly unknown. They have been generally well instructed, they inherit the intelligence which is common to all Italians, and they may be supposed to be patriotic. Have they the requisite degree of courage and self-reliance? Our own Crimean experience forbids us to doubt the valour and full efficiency of the Piedmontese quota. For generations the Piedmontese have been soldiers. For generations the House of Savoy supplied generals and soldiers in every European dispute. If the Italian army were officered exclusively by Piedmontese there could be no doubt of its discipline and prowess. But the other elements which enter into its composition somewhat dash one's confidence in the general efficiency of its officers. They may not be pleasure-hunters, or voluptuaries, or, in one sense of General Trochu's epithet, "corrupt." But they may have great faults, and among these there may be one form of corruption. The fact is that in Italy at large, irrespective of Piedmont, the rural peasantry is the soundest and stoutest part of the population; the most hardy, the most healthy, the most temperate, and the most courageous. The upper class is effete—debilitated by pleasure, frivolity, and corruption—and driven by universal slight from any control of public affairs. It is melancholy for a stranger to witness the obscurity and insignificance to which the bearers of grand historical Italian names have been too generally consigned. They are nonentities—except in Piedmont—among their own dependants; they are—always excepting Piedmontese—cipher in the State; they are unknown in the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. Their voice is never heard in the great debates which establish the future position of Italy, which define the relations of Church and State, which prove the aptitude of Italians for constitutional government. They are unknown among the leaders who have given honour, and are now giving strength, to the army of Italy. Great questions have yet to be solved; great difficulties are certain to arise; great battles may have to be fought; but the orators, the statesmen, and the generals will not issue from the families whose names are associated with the traditional glories of Pisa, Genoa, Florence, or Venice. A different and a lower class will contribute the Italian statesmen of the future; a different, and perhaps a foreign, race will contribute the Italian commanders of the future. Nor is the reason far to seek. The education of highborn and wealthy Italians is fatal to manliness of character, energy of purpose, and vigour of action. It is sufficient for a foreigner to have only a superficial acquaintance with Naples, Florence, and Rome to see that the men who will renovate and restore Italy cannot come from its noblesse. He will see on all sides the signs of idleness, luxury, and pleasure. He will see lazy men lounging away hours and days in vacuous gossip at the doors of cafés and casinos. He will see crowds of boys, liberated from school, with no occupation for their minds and no healthy recreation for their bodies, cumulating the insipid chatter and senseless curiosity of the elder *financiers*. He will see an absence of earnest study or earnest sport, of all that stimulates or strengthens the brain or the muscle, of the love of knowledge or the spirit of competition. If he goes to the theatre or to certain evening receptions, he will be struck by the monotonous contention of the two sexes to vary the dulness of life by galvanic efforts to simulate the sensation of love-making. In a word, in his outdoor life, and in certain circles of society, he will see only the reflex of much which is peculiar to Paris, and which emanates from Paris, and for which alone Paris is known to thousands of foreigners. And he will see, especially at Naples, a degree of public nastiness and indecency from which, since the days of the Second Empire, Paris is free, though many people can remember the time when Paris exhibited as many disgusting abominations as any city of Italy. He will also see military officers walking

about, whose appearance would not lead him to think highly of the vigour and resolution of the leaders of the Italian army. The sum of his conclusions will be that such a people have a flabby moral fibre; that they are not the race which could oppose a virile and strenuous resistance to a resolute invader; that they are too fond of pleasure, too absorbed in frivolity, to bear either the dangers or the inconveniences of a protracted campaign, and that, if they were only seriously attacked, they must inevitably succumb. Others would add that, even if an enemy failed to master them by force of arms, he could sap them by dint of the corruption which infects them as a people, and from which, the result of long subjection, a few years of national independence have been wholly insufficient to emancipate them.

This judgment, hard and unpalatable as it sounds, would be not wholly unwarranted on the part of a stranger who studied only the outer life of great Italian cities. Nothing in any country can be morally worse than Naples, unless indeed it be Paris; and Florence and Rome are only in degree less bad than Naples. The open indecency in the streets, the disgusting abominations of certain shops, the taint and tone of immorality which offend the eyes and ears of visitors to Naples, are such as to justify the most unfavourable descriptions and the most gloomy prophecies. Were the battle of Italian independence to be waged only by the mammikins who strut, gossip, and jostle ladies off the trottoirs in Naples, Rome, or Florence, the issue of the conflict would be as certain as it would be rapid. But those who judge and prophesy thus gloomily forget one great fact. Rome, Naples, and Florence are the capitals of sovereignties which are now absorbed in Italy; and they do not make up Italy. They make up a very small part of Italy. The men who are conspicuous by their presence in the streets of these cities would be conspicuous by their absence from the army by which their country was to be defended. It is also to be hoped that they would be equally absent from the councils which deliberated and decided on the plan of national defence.

There are reasons and excuses for this state of things. The nobility of Italy are not so responsible for it as the former despots of Italy. The Italy to which they now belong is younger than the infancy of a minor. The Italy in which they were born was a disintegrated system of petty States, suspicious, ignorant, and afraid of each other. Each of these States had its own Court, magistracy, police, customs, officers, and spies. The policy of each was to fear treason on the part of its subjects, and to treat them as if their treason had been proved. Jealous Courts and vigilant spies made timid subjects and corrupt judges. The magistrates were eager to condemn those whom the Court disliked and the spies denounced. Against the arts of the informer and the pliability of the judge there were only two successful weapons of defence—bribery and falsehood. Oaths were bought to swear down the informer, and the venality of the Bench was enlisted on the part of *suspects* who could pay better than the Government which accused them. Under such a system lying and corruption were not only necessary but reputable accomplishments. While the Government brought the armoury of spies, informers, and venal judges to bear upon those whom it hated, it brought the allurements of music, gaiety, theatres, and spectacle to bear upon those whom it courted. The old despotism of Imperial Rome could not lavish *panem et circenses* upon its servile Quirites with greater prodigality than the despotism of Imperial Austria and its petty satellites lavished frivolous diversions upon the gaping and reckless mob, patrician and plebeian, of modern Italy. Thus, while the young English noble was fighting, or bracing his muscles by football, or pulling in an eight-oar at Eton, or debating in the Oxford Union, his Italian compeer was weakening his bodily fibre by unwholesome food, or stimulating his nerves by equally unwholesome gossip and reading. The filthy talk of parasitical servants, the scrofulous literature of French novelists, the frivolous conversation of his mother's drawing-room—such were too often the materials of the young Italian noble's education. Is it strange that men thus trained should exercise either no influence or a bad influence over their countrymen; should have no political authority, and no military command? Is it strange that they should feel themselves unfit for the struggles of the forum, the Chamber, and the Senate; for the leadership of armies and the leadership of the people? How great a political mischief is caused by their exclusion from public affairs may be calculated if we will only reflect what would be the effect on English politics and society if the youth of the English aristocracy were to renounce public life, the struggles of the Bar and of Parliament, and to shut themselves up within their own circle of kinsmen, dependants, and retainers. Yet in England, where the middle class has been trained by centuries of municipal self-government, the evil would be less than it is in Italy, where municipal self-government has been in abeyance for generations.

As it is—owing to this long obscuration of municipal liberty—the consequences are especially deplorable in Italy, because the struggles and prizes of the Bar, of political life, and of public administration are reserved for a section of the *bourgeoisie* which is more respected for its talent and sagacity than for its honourable traditions, its sense of probity, or its disinterested patriotism. The richer classes of the *bourgeoisie* unfortunately ape the nobility in manners, tastes, education, and love of amusement. Thus the people, not yet educated up to the idea of national unity, nor accustomed to the process of self-government, is ruled by a class which cannot lead, and whose policy seldom rises above the level of clever scheming. Should any untoward complication arise

within the next ten years, the situation of the country would be most critical. Even supposing that the army were sufficiently organized to repel foreign intervention, it is terrible to think into what perils Italy might be plunged through the people's want of capable leaders, through their mutual jealousies, and all the other consequences of a too general inertness in one class and a corresponding corruption in another.

If, however, the same good fortune continues to favour Italy which has followed her for the last ten years, she will have the means of consolidating and perpetuating her independence. What she requires in her citizens is more energy, more truthfulness, and a larger degree of mutual confidence. The same policy which crushed their energy made them false and suspicious of each other's falsehood, corrupt and conscious of each other's corruption, frivolous and abettors of each other's frivolity. The times and the policy are changed. The old state of things has gone with the petty princes, the police spies, and the passports. Italy is now a nation with a veritable man on the throne. She has opportunities such as no other modern nation has had of attaining eminence and glory. And she has the good wishes of the best men of all nations on her side. It were hard indeed if, with these advantages, she failed to secure the place which Providence seems to have designed for her. But in order to attain it, she must give a more manly education to her sons and a better training to her daughters. She must teach her sons truthfulness and probity, her daughters purity and self-respect. She must purge and purify Rome and Naples. When she has done this she need not fear the sneers of English critics on the political venality, nor the sneers of French critics on the personal immorality, of her children.

NATIONAL HEROES—THE CID.

A PAPER on the Cid in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* gives English readers, perhaps for the first time, a true view of the man whom the writer calls "the national hero of Spain." Even people to whom the Cid is not a mere name, about as real as Rama, have for the most part taken their conception of him from Corneille's play; and few pictures could be more unlike the original than Corneille's. It would be hardly too much to say that the only Spanish feature in his tragedy is the central incident, and even that is derived from sources long subsequent to the Cid's death—from the poet Guillen de Castro late in the sixteenth century, and the historian Mariana a few years earlier. If *Le Cid* is Corneille's masterpiece, it is only because in it he reaches to the height of dramatic excellence as he conceived it; because he is there most thoroughly Corneille. "It has had such extraordinary success," he says in his advertisement, "because it satisfies two dominant conditions laid down by Aristotle—namely, that he who suffers must neither be wholly good nor wholly evil, but rather good than evil, and fall into an undeserved misfortune through some case of human weakness that is not a crime; and, secondly, that the blow must come upon him neither from an enemy nor an indifferent person, but from some one who ought to love him and be loved by him." These conditions are those that have been fulfilled by two tragedies, the *Edipus* and the *Cid*. The result is that Rodrigue, in the hands of Corneille, is not in the least a Spaniard; he is a hero of the classical drama, a mere abstraction of a single passion—the passion of honour—which is made dramatic because it is crossed by another single passion, the passion of love. In the same way the heroine is the abstraction of that single passion of love, made dramatic because it is crossed by the passion of family affection and duty. This is the principle of the classical school, successfully applied in *Le Cid*. But Chimène and Rodrigue are no more Spanish than Cinna and Horace are Roman; they are wholly French, and of the seventeenth century.

Very different from this Rodrigue with his Parisian Court manners and his elaborate rhetoric is the Rodrigo of the *Poema*. Not perhaps exactly as we are told the Arabic historians describe him, "a man endowed with the cunning of the Asiatic and the headlong daring of the Teuton," but headlong as the Teuton, wise as Odysseus, and full of those national impulses which give such an interest to the Spain of the eleventh century, the Cid in this old chronicle-epic stands out as the most national of national heroes. The poem is disjointed and unsystematic, crowded with needless details, laborious and dull in parts; but, written as it clearly was within a century of the lifetime of its subject, it gives him as he was, all the more real for its prodigality of circumstance and local colouring. Nationality is not an easy thing to define, speaking generally; but with this early Spain it is less difficult than usual. There is no greater confusion of races than in other European countries; and, in spite of the tendency to independence visible both in the nobles and the towns, there is never absent a sense of the oneness of the Peninsula, of the brotherhood of all "hidalgos." And this fundamental conception was emphasized, so to speak, was made a reality far more actual than the nationality of mediæval France or England, by the long exile in the mountains of the Asturias and the centuries of slowly successful struggle with the Moors. It is a truism to say that participation in fight is the strongest bond of fellowship; and where the participation lasts for centuries, handed down from father to son, and fortified by the most binding sanctions of an intense religion, no minor disintegrating force can make head against it. Hence arises a nationality; but in the case of mediæval Spain it was a nationality composed of a number of separate

forces working towards the same end, not visibly and openly united under a single head. The anti-Moorish sentiment was strong enough to make a nationality with clearly marked characteristics; but it was not strong enough to sweep away the fundamental order which Spain shared with the rest of mediæval Europe—the distinctively aristocratic order. The result is, that in the Spain of the eleventh century we have the very conditions for the appearance of a national hero; the condition of a fighting aristocracy, which breeds heroes, and the condition of a single dominant interest which transcends the aristocratic tendency to disunion, and makes the most heroic of the heroes national. Such a hero is the Cid, the embodiment of the Spanish character, the restless enemy of the Moors, the distrusted vassal of the King; independent, but never disloyal; with plenty of private enmities, but considerate even to the Count of Barcelona; merciful even to Moors when they had submitted; full of European chivalry, but yet touched with an Arabian fondness for splendid display, an Arabian manner with women, an Arabian habit of speech—"By this beard that never man plucked," ran his favourite oath. Spain worshipped him in poem and romance, and now that she is turning again to consider her own origin, she is singing of him anew.

It is strange to reflect how few of the heroes of poetry and popular romance are really national in this sense. Rather, it is not they, but the poets who have celebrated them, that are national; or where the heroes have a national existence of their own, it is of a narrow, partial kind, and each is kept back by a crowd of competitors. Achilles may be the ideal Greek, as Hegel called him, but he is so, not for his own merits, but for Homer's. Probably no Greek—except at the time of the Persian wars, and then only by an act of vigorous imagination—ever realized Achilles as a Hellenic hero in the sense that the Spaniards of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries realized the Cid as a Spanish hero. The poet was everything to them, the hero nothing; it was the widespread superstitious reverence for Homer, and not for Achilles or Ajax, that led the Spartans in the story to listen to Solon, and led Plato to expel the poet from his State. One man there was who, if he had begun an era instead of ending it, might have been a national hero for Greece, and that without any great poet's aid; but Alexander's conquests, whatever they did for the diffusion of Greek culture, were a deathblow to any idea of Greek nationality. Roman legend, again, shows a plentiful store of heroes; but none of them is great enough to overshadow all the others in the popular imagination. Horatius, Cincinnatus, Camillus, even the man who *cunctando restituit rem*, all have a limited, almost parochial character. Romulus, again, is too shadowy, Scipio too simply a general of the Republic, Regulus too much a merely moral hero, and only national in the sense of having glorified the national character by a single act of self-devotion. With the transition to the beginnings of modern European history, the break-up of the Western Empire, and the rise of the new Northern Powers, new conditions come in, and new heroes with them. Not, it is true, in the struggle between the effete Empire and the barbarians; but later, when the Northerners had absorbed the Roman civilization, and a new interest, dominant and all-pervading, began to make itself felt—the interest of religion. But here the remarkable point is that, as throughout the middle ages, and indeed till perhaps two centuries ago, religious questions occupied Europe more than national questions, so the heroes of Europe were religious rather than national. They are heroes of Christendom, not of the nationalities. Charlemagne himself, "half theological, half military," as he has been called, makes his sword the instrument rather of his religion than of his secular policy. He is the restorer of the Empire, but above all he is the friend and censor of Pope Adrian, the admonisher of Pope Leo; he is the destroyer of the Irminsûl, but not so much because the Saxons are barbarous as because they are pagan; he is not only *Carolus Magnus*, as his modern epitaph pronounces, but *Magnus atque Orthodoxus Imperator*, as ran the first inscription on his tomb. And where the heroes pass from the field of history to that of poetry, when we come to Roland and Tancred instead of Charlemagne, the same impulse remains at the spring of the heroism, while the heroism itself becomes more purely heroic because less cumbered with political detail. The heroes become at once the property of all Christian nations, their deeds may be sung with equal enthusiasm in all Christian languages. The song of Roland is not more native to Provence than the *Orlando* to Ferrara. No doubt, as it had been with the *Iliad* so it was with the Italian poem; the poem became popular rather through its poet than through its subject; it was Ariosto's genius that printed sixty editions of the *Orlando Furioso* within a century, rather than the simple attractiveness of the hero he sings of so humorously. But the choice of a theme is significant; if it was worth while for a great poet to choose such a subject at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that in no spirit, of conscious revival, but in a purely natural, spontaneous spirit, it shows that the attractiveness of the hero was even then considerable, and must at one time have been immense. Or, if it be said that Ariosto is all the while laughing in his sleeve, and his readers laughing with him, Tasso at least cannot be disposed of in that way; and Tasso's hero is not national, like Virgil's, but Christian. The argument need not be pressed further; it is notorious that the prime interest of mediæval Europe was the Church and not the nations—that the Saints displaced or absorbed the heroes.

It was only in one country that the question of religion and the national question literally coincided. Spain "struggled for dear

life at home, while the rest of Europe was gone crusading." It was no idea that she fought for, no rescue of Holy Places that were held only by association; it was a rescue of her native soil. In their exile in the northern mountains, the descendants of the older conquerors preserved, with their religion, the tradition of their own dominion. Hence the horror of the Infidels which Spain shared with the rest of Europe was joined in her with the stinging sense of invasion and dispossession; and she fought as much for her birthright as for the honour of St. James. Hence, from the double nature of the struggle, the hero whom her imagination seized upon as typical presents a double character. The Cid, not the only successful Spanish warrior, but the most conspicuous and the most interesting, became a national as well as a Christian hero; and half a century after his death was even more national than Christian. It is of course impossible to make a precise distinction between these two characters, since each tended to mould and form the other; but it is true to say that, as the long centuries of fluctuating fight went on, Spain began to feel her nationality more intensely without in the least becoming more religious. The process which Europe went through seems to have been reversed in Spain; her Christianity became more national, instead of her nationality becoming more Christian. That is to say, her life was wholly determined by opposition to the Moors; Christianity became primarily the antithesis to Islam; and not Islam itself, but the people, the living, fighting, invading Moorish people, was the enemy that it was the Spaniards' first business to drive out. Hence the hero who, in the romances of other lands, might have ranked with Tancred as a soldier of Christendom, became in Spanish story the hero of Spain. Spain felt her own life made more actual by this everlasting contest with the invader; she saw her life reflected in the Cid, and she made him her hero because he reflected her. He reflected not only her religion, but the whole aggregate of impulses, desires, experiences which marked that unrivalled national wrestle—not any single impulse, however great. Such a hero was possible for Spain because of her exceptional conditions, but has been possible for no other country in so high a degree. No other country has had a struggle for existence at once so long, so definite, and with an enemy so hostile at every point. No other country has hung so much upon individuals, or has had so long a time to allow its imagination to work upon the selected individual and make a hero of him. In a word, no other country has been able to show the world so well what conditions are necessary to make a national hero.

CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

A DESIRE to preserve due logical sequence in our criticism of the autumn manœuvres has led us to abstain hitherto from taking up several loose threads which, however important in themselves, were not necessary to our immediate purpose. We shall now notice briefly some of these. For instance, one of the great features of the recent campaign has been the topographical ignorance it has disclosed. This ignorance has been exhibited both by the Staff and by those who have assumed the task of censuring, correcting, and educating them. Not only quartermaster-generals, but their friends, philosophers, and guides, the Special Correspondents, have been at fault in this respect. For about a month all the newspapers were crowded with letters headed "the Hampshire Campaign." The public may therefore be somewhat surprised to learn that only a very small and the least important of the operations took place in that county.

The War Office authorities seem to have profited little on this head by the experience of the French, and to have almost ignored the importance of providing an army with good maps. They did, it is true, issue maps, but these were on too small a scale to be very useful, and were moreover obsolete. It is not, however, to be expected that large-scale detailed maps of an enemy's country should always be available, and it is part of the duty of the Quartermaster-General's Department to cause supplementary sketches to be executed before the commencement of operations. During the recent manœuvres but little field-sketching seems to have been attempted, save by a few students of the Staff College, who were chiefly employed on reconnaissances performed only a few hours before an action. The result was that columns occasionally became involved in what, without the aid of good maps, constituted a labyrinth of roads, and that frequently distances were so miscalculated that large bodies of troops arrived too late to execute the task assigned to them. Indeed, the opportunities of obtaining an intimate topographical knowledge of the district seem to have been terribly wasted, except perhaps in the case of the Prussian officers, who, we may be sure, did not fail to gather and arrange information which they may hope to turn some day to practical account. We are inclined to think that, though all officers should be taught to execute rough, and Staff officers comparatively finished, sketches, yet, on the principle of a division of labour, there should in every army in the field be a regular topographical corps to which should also be assigned the duty of collecting statistics.

We have, it must be admitted, gained many useful lessons in the art of how not to do it, and amongst the most useful is one which relates to what is called "the general idea." Some theory must of course be accepted by both the contending parties, but it ought not to extend beyond the object of the campaign, and the circumstances under which the operations are commenced. When the general idea is at all expanded, it at once loses its true character,

and the campaign becomes little more than a string of large field days. Our arrangements are in this respect extremely open to censure. So many instructions were issued by the Head-Quarter Staff, so much was assumed, so frequently were events pre-arranged, that the generals had but little opportunity of showing any strategical talent. Again, the forces were so unequally divided that the tactical contests were unsatisfactory and unprofitable to the last degree. In real war 10,000 men often beat 20,000, but then the superior qualities of the smaller body and the moral effect of the blows dealt by it counterbalance the arithmetical inferiority. In a sham campaign, however, the troops are assumed to be of equal excellence, and moral effect is altogether eliminated; unless therefore there be wonderful incapacity on the part of the general of the larger army, the latter cannot fail to defeat one of half its own strength. We may here observe that it is because of the elimination of the moral element from a peace campaign that we can never accept the training of the latter but as a very imperfect substitute for the education of real war. If battles were like games of chess, and soldiers were made of boxwood or ivory, then the test and training of peace manœuvres would suffice. As it is, there must be much of what children call "make believe," accompanied by not unfrequent absurdities due to an over-liberal indulgence in imagination. Yet it is difficult to steer clear of these absurdities. A general officer removing his plume and gravely crawling forward to the edge of a bank for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy is a grotesque sight, yet without such precautions he would in war be inevitably picked off. It is clearly necessary, therefore, that on these occasions everybody should exert his imaginative powers to the utmost; but unluckily the results of the imaginative faculty are not uniformly identical—nay, they are frequently contradictory. The cavalry in the last battle were convinced that they had sabred every Highland skirmisher in their front; no doubt the Highlanders were as strongly convinced that they had shot down every dragoon who had charged them, and the actual result would have depended more upon the moral than the material circumstances of the contest. Umpires cannot weigh the morale of troops. Leaving this subject, we regret that not only were matters too much pre-arranged, but that in most cases the troops were allowed to glean no lessons from the manœuvres in which they had taken what must often have appeared to them a meaningless part. That they felt the greatest interest in the operations was evidenced by the eagerness with which all newspaper accounts were devoured. This interest might have been turned to profit had the remarks of the Duke of Cambridge on the manœuvres performed been daily published to the army. Another defect in the arrangements, and one which militated much against the realism of the affair, was that the Control Departments of the two hostile armies made use of Aldershot as their common base, thus arranging the conditions of their examination so that they should be as different as possible from those of real war.

While on the subject of the Control, we may take the opportunity of urging the propriety of changing the title of this department. The term Control and the title Controller are most obnoxious to the army, and tend in no slight degree to a misapprehension of both the position and the duties of the department. "The Supply Department" would be a much more suitable and popular name. The Volunteers might also perhaps with great advantage adopt a new title, if a satisfactory one could be found. The name frequently affects the nature of a thing, and the word Volunteer has already to some extent come to be looked on as the title of a man who does a little soldiering because he likes it, but need not do more than is agreeable to him. We do not mean to say that all, or many, Volunteers entertain this feeling; but we suspect that some do, and at any rate the name is misleading. The volunteering should cease from the moment when a man has assumed military duties, otherwise the ostensible addition to the forces of the country, being uncertain and variable, may be rather an inconvenience than the contrary. By a natural connexion of ideas we pass from the Volunteers to the Militia. We have already remarked on the contingent sent by the latter force to Aldershot, and have now only to draw attention to the great necessity of some arrangements for distinguishing one Militia regiment from another. At present this is a matter of impossibility for a stranger without direct inquiry. It is easy to conceive how many dangerous mistakes, how much fatal delay, might be caused on service because a Staff officer was compelled to pull up his horse and put the question, "What regiment is that?"

It is not only the Militia who require that attention should be paid to their dress; we want in that respect a general reform throughout the whole army. To a true soldier's eye nothing which is not serviceable is really handsome, but there is no reason why the two may not be to a certain extent combined. A few removable ornaments in the shape of lace or epaulettes would on the shortest notice convert a dress fit for the jungle into one suitable to a guard of honour, and a handsome uniform undoubtedly does exercise a wholesome influence over soldiers, and much facilitates recruiting. Still everything must be made to give way to service considerations, and the sooner uniform is simplified and loosened the better. To one conclusion we have come with regret. The bearskin caps of the Guards and Fusilier regiments and the feather bonnets of the Highland corps are very handsome, but are utterly unsuited to skirmishing. As therefore there will in future wars be a very great deal of that sort of work, it is to be hoped that some more convenient head-dress may be invented for these corps.

Among other reforms which we trust may result from our little campaign near Aldershot, is one in the manner of performing the duties of command. Some of our generals seem to think that if they are not perpetually rushing about they are doing nothing. They appear incapable of appreciating the nature and extent of their own duties, and are constantly encroaching on those of commanding officers. The consequences are to be seen in fussy, spasmodic operations, incapacity to modify manœuvres, and an absence of combined action. Save in emergencies, a general of brigade should direct only, leaving command to the colonels.

Our remarks on the autumn campaign are now completed. We have certainly indulged in very frank speaking, and, having awarded blame more frequently than praise, we have no doubt wounded many susceptibilities. Our view of the campaign, however, has been, that it was intended to test our army, and to find out defects rather than excellences. If you test a cannon, you spare no trouble to ascertain if there is any flaw in the metal. You do not allow your attention to be diverted from faults of the bore by the strength and lightness of the carriage, or *vice versa*. In like manner we have deemed it our duty to confine our attention almost entirely to defects, because that which is perfect needs no further consideration, but faults and shortcomings may be remedied.

THE HOLBEIN EXHIBITION, DRESDEN.

THE Exhibition which closed this week in Dresden had been for some time projected; last year war stood in its way. As a complete representation of the works of Holbein, the collection was little else than a breakdown. The Basle pictures and drawings, and the drawings in the British Museum, were seen only through photographs, while the Barber-Surgeons' portrait-picture, and other scarcely less important works in England and on the Continent, were wholly ignored. As a means of filling the walls, some spurious examples were hung—several, we regret to say, having found their way from England. The Queen kindly came to the rescue by the loan of the magnificent Windsor drawings. The Dresden people have been hardly dealt with in more ways than one; they would have gladly made the Exhibition better, but they were met by refusals where they looked for aid. We believe it would be possible to get together a collection more widely representative of the genius of Holbein in London than that which for two months has drawn tourists and critics to Dresden. The great and almost unparalleled attraction of course was that the two rival pictures of Darmstadt and of Dresden—the Madonna and Child enthroned with the Meyer family below—were, for the first time, placed side by side. Thus the grandest effort of a master scarcely second to Dürer, of a painter who marked the meridian of German art ere its wane, was displayed, and that in duplicate, for close examination and deliberate criticism. The Exhibition has in reality no other claim on our notice.

The Dresden Exhibition witnessed a revolution in feeling almost without parallel even in the capricious sphere of art. We remember that tourists twenty years ago, when first we made the acquaintance of the Meyer Madonna, were content to accept Mr. Murray's dictum—"this is, without doubt, Holbein's *chef d'œuvre*." We recall, too, the description of Professor Kugler, commencing, "Among the pictures by Holbein in German Galleries, the best and most beautiful is the one in the Dresden Gallery." Then again we may revive Mrs. Jameson's eulogy on the "most precious picture"; "in purity, dignity, humility, and intellectual grace, this exquisite Madonna has never been surpassed, not even by Raffaele; the face once seen haunts the memory." Such bright descriptions have, during the past summer, been strangely reversed; instead of a few spectators, ardent yet reverent, there may have been seen around the picture angry groups, loud in talk and fierce in gesticulation. The contest, somewhat embittered by jealousies between the cities of Dresden and Berlin, has indeed assumed a virulence hardly equalled in political strife. The question in debate, it must be admitted, is of considerable moment. Each picture, estimated only by money standards, may be supposed to represent from 7,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* Moreover, were it possible to set down the Dresden example for a mere copy, not only would a good property be depreciated, but a void would be left in the world of art, and many minds must lose a cherished ideal.

The dispute unfortunately cannot be settled by historic appeal; the pedigrees of the competing works are scarcely to be depended on; the arguments on either side rest on the unstable basis of intuition. It is known, however, that the Dresden picture was purchased in Venice in 1743. The work came to Venice in 1690 from Amsterdam, where it had been bought without question as a genuine Holbein. The assumed pedigree of the Darmstadt picture is rather complex, not to say conjectural. The work possibly may be traced to Basle, where probably it was painted; thence it passed to Amsterdam; subsequently by purchase it got into the hands of Marie de' Medici. What seems certain is that in 1822 a French dealer sold the treasure to Prince William of Prussia, the father of its present owner, the Princess Charles of Hesse. We imagine little can be made out of the above statements; that the town of Amsterdam appears in both stories might seem to indicate that one picture only fell under description. But two pictures exist, and it is equally certain that they are old; they therefore of necessity must have some pedigree. But the point at

issue is not touched by any lineage which fails to carry us back to the handpalette and brush of Holbein himself. Who held the pencil when the Dresden Madonna was painted? Holbein, a scholar, or only a copyist? That is the question.

The actual state of the two pictures as to reparation and repainting deserves a moment's attention. The two panels in tone and colour are in startling contrast. The Darmstadt composition glows as an Italian canvas, while the Dresden replica is comparatively cold and crude. This difference depends in part on an altered scheme of colour, but also greatly on changes wrought by time and the hand of the destroyer. No capital in Europe, not even Madrid or Paris, has been so unfortunate in its picture-cleaners as Dresden. The cruelties inflicted on the renowned works of Correggio we will not now dwell on. Our painful business is to point to a Madonna that has been skinned and flayed. This Holbein panel is not as a face that has been well washed; the cuticle was scalped when the dirt was cleared away; the draperies, too, are blanched as by chemicals. To repair the havoc, the restorer's brush has been called in aid. Thus the Dresden masterwork becomes answerable, not only for the weakness of pupils, but for the wickedness of picture-restorers. In fact, the Darmstadt and Dresden examples, by strange coincidence or contradiction, are the victims of opposite pictorial distempers. The cutaneous disease of the Dresden family group is incident to having been skinned alive. On the contrary, the Darmstadt family suffer from having the skin hardened into leather. That varnish is in part responsible for the mischief appears probable from a simple experiment. A yellow glass or film held before the Dresden panel brings the picture into an agreeable glow, like that of the Darmstadt composition. At all events neither work is in its normal condition. Indeed, the partisans of the Dresden Madonna, being goaded to a species of fury, have gone so far as to publish the statement that "the Darmstadt example is unfortunately in a condition of such entire darkening, as well as of partial repainting, that a reliable judgment as to how far it may be the original becomes impossible."

In the heat of controversy calm counsel will scarcely be welcome on either side; we may venture, however, to state in few words the conclusions to which we have come on a close examination of the two pictures. Happily some points are beyond dispute. Thus we believe it is admitted on all hands that the Darmstadt picture was painted first. Holbein lived ten years in Basle, between 1515 and 1526; the Burgomaster Meyer and his family who kneel around the Madonna were of that city, and the original drawings for the portraits are still preserved within the Museum. We believe it is now conceded that the Darmstadt picture was emphatically painted by Holbein, with little or no assistance from pupils. Certainly, when compared with its rival, the execution is found to possess singular evenness and unity. The Darmstadt picture, then, being the original, the question is, how did the Dresden replica come into existence? In default of positive evidence, several conjectures, wearing more or less probability, have been put forth. Thus Dr. Waagen ventured the suggestion that the first picture, having been painted for a church, a replica was required by Burgomaster Meyer for his own house. "It is easy to understand," writes this well-balanced critic, "that the patron, desiring to possess such excellent portraits of his own family thus devoutly engaged, as an ornament of one of his own rooms, was induced to give Holbein the commission to paint a repetition of the subject, which in the needy circumstances of the painter could only have been acceptable." "I am therefore convinced," continued Dr. Waagen, "that the Dresden picture owes its creation to some such circumstance. The alterations also, which a comparison with the first picture exhibits, are such as to render it more suitable for that closer inspection which the walls of a room would admit."

The conclusion to which we incline is that each picture is in some sense an original; the Darmstadt example because it was first painted, the Dresden because it is something more than a replica or copy. A copyist would scarcely improve; the Dresden picture is not a copy because of the alterations introduced. The second picture is more imposing in proportions, and not only has the panel the advantage of more height, but the Madonna's head has greater loveliness and serenity. Other modifications, which may scarcely be improvements, are yet not accidental, but intentional. Thus the change of colour in the Madonna's robe from green blue to green black is an altered key which runs through the whole composition; even the colours in the carpet are made to respond to the modified scheme. We recognise then the master's mind in the changed composition; Holbein, when he received the second commission, bethought himself what modifications the new conditions called for. In the words of Herr Grimm, the author of the Life of Michael Angelo, "the artist prepared a new cartoon, then left the carrying out in part to his scholars, and painted himself upon the picture as much as he deemed necessary."

The last extract goes far to explain the anomalies which the Dresden picture presents—the apparent contradiction between a design which is superior and a manipulation which is inferior. The renovated design is in fact by the master; while the execution, in part at least, is that of his school. We need not point to the multitude of analogous cases which the history of art affords. Raffaele's earliest frescoes in the Vatican were carried out in great measure by his own hands; whereas his later works were delegated to scholars. It is equally notorious how much was consigned to pupils in the studio of Rubens. In pictures thus in part painted by deputy it becomes a nice point to determine where the master's hand ends and where the pupil's begins. In the case

of the Dresden Madonna the perplexity is so great that probably no two persons come to the same conclusion. Yet as to certain passages there can be but little doubt; for instance, the Madonna's red girdle is obviously too poorly painted for the master, while on the contrary the Madonna's head, the child in her arms, and the child standing on the ground, could only have come from the master himself. Here the modelling and handling are so exquisite that a German critic has fallen into the paradox of declaring that, if Holbein did not paint these portions, a superior to Holbein must have been at work.

Certain experts seem to have been favoured with special revelations. Not only have they found out the Dresden example to be a copy, but, taking facts from their fertile imaginations, and jumping at conclusions by the aid of their superior intuitions, they are enabled to assign the name of the copyist and the date of the picture. The Dresden picture, they pretend, was not so much as seen by Holbein; in fact, it was not painted till fifty or a hundred years after the Basle original. We may mention, by the way, that a book was kept in the Dresden Exhibition wherein these and other equally valuable judgments were recorded. A ladies' school, it is said, contributed to the vast mass of extant criticism a declaration to the following effect:—"We are all unanimous (excepting six) in favour of the Darmstadt picture." Unfortunately, on inquiry it appeared that the whole school numbered only eight; the unanimity, therefore, was limited to a couple of girls. For ourselves, we have already given reasons for believing that the Dresden example is more than a copy. First, because the design has elements of originality, and secondly, because the execution, in some parts at all events, is the handling of Holbein himself. The writers who might be quoted in favour of this conclusion are numerous. Herr Grimm says he is astonished how people can assign the Dresden picture to any painter but Holbein; Professor Kugler recognised in the work the great master assisted by scholars. Professor Förster of Munich writes:—"It comes to this; I believe both works original, and that only Holbein could have executed that of Dresden." Dr. Waagen reiterates his original verdict in these words:—"I have always been of opinion that both pictures derive their chief points from Holbein." "No doubt the members of the Meyer family did not sit again between 1529 and 1530, the date of the Dresden picture; nothing, therefore, remained to the painter but to repeat the figures as he saw them in the Darmstadt example, while in the Madonna he had freer scope for fancy." This last observation seems to account for the admitted fact that in the Dresden replica the Madonna is emphatically ideal in conception, while the portraits beneath are comparatively wooden and lifeless. To the above authorities may be added twenty-five names attached to a declaration published in the *Dresdner Anzeiger* of October 3. Among the signatures we recognise Herren Julius Hübner, Louis Gruner, Rudolf Lehmann, and Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. This protest, which seems to have been provoked by the merciless onslaught upon the accepted masterwork, declares that the Dresden example, in spite of the incomplete carrying out of accessories, is by the hand of Holbein, and that the picture still occupies its old position at the summit of German art.

The controversy may be summed up in the following propositions:—

(1.) That the Darmstadt Madonna was first painted, and is an undoubted work of Holbein. There are few, if any, dissentients to this proposition.

(2.) That the Dresden picture is not the work of Holbein at all, but of scholars, or of a copyist. Herr Woltmann, Mr. Wornum, Mr. Crowe, Professor Kinkel, and Herr Meyer—the last a descendant of the family who kneel in the picture—all incline to this position. This extreme conclusion, however, does not yet command the suffrages of the majority.

(3.) That the Dresden picture is a replica, or rather a second original, painted by Holbein with the assistance more or less of his scholars, the alterations in the design being by the master himself. The majority seem still to adhere to this proposition, but some critics having seceded to the opposite camp, it becomes a little doubtful on which side the weight of authority lies. We incline, as we have said, to give our adhesion to this position, which, of course, in no way detracts from the Darmstadt example. Among the large number of authorities marshalled on the same side we believe we are correct in comprising the following:—Herren Grimm, Förster, Fechner, Jansen, Schrader, Gruner, Hübner, Zahn, Rudolf Lehmann, Schnorr of Carolsfeld, and Dr. Waagen. Judging, however, from past experience in this Holbein dispute, it is scarcely fair to pledge a German critic for two days consecutively to the same opinion.

The controversy provoked by the Holbein Exhibition threatens to prolong itself interminably, and that, we fear, without any material addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. The case does not admit of demonstration; the ascertainable facts are few; the broad result, however, of the contest is that the Darmstadt picture has gained just about as much as the Dresden example has lost. That Dresden should have taken the trouble to organize an Exhibition which has wellnigh shaken her cherished idol from its pedestal is indeed a sad lot. One other result, and that scarcely less calling for commiseration, is the confusion, and all but ignominy, which has fallen upon experts and critics. These professed authorities have spoken as the wind blows, and

their counsel has been unstable as water. In the work of destruction only they are strong. Other arts and other sciences may advance, but art criticism remains where it always has been—in the region of conjecture; its foundation is again proved to be that of a house built upon the sands.

REBECCA.

THE manager of Drury Lane Theatre has done perhaps as well as could be expected of him under the circumstances. If there be upon the English stage an actor who could fitly personate King Richard Cœur de Lion or Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, he does not happen to belong to the company of this theatre. The manager has indeed so far conceded to the demand for acting as distinguished from *spectacle* as to engage Mr. Phelps to play Isaac of York in the drama called *Rebecca*, but he has contented himself with making mere dummies of the knights and barons who figure in the romance of *Ivanhoe*. We feel that in the present condition of this theatre it would be too much to expect that the part of King Richard should be adequately played, but surely the adapter of the novel might have saved the manager from the ludicrous blunder which he has made in casting the part of Friar Tuck. The Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst in the story sit down in the cell "each thinking that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him." The play shows us an elderly pot-bellied, red-nosed priest, to whom the feats of activity and strength ascribed to Friar Tuck are absurdly inappropriate. This is an example of the tendency of these adapters to vulgarize every subject which they touch. They lay hold of the propensity for tipping, and forget the courage and skill in arms which belonged to the Lieutenant of Robin Hood. It is truly pitiable to behold such a scene as that between the knight and friar so marred in the performance as it is at Drury Lane. A song has been allotted to the knight, and therefore it may be urged that the manager was restricted in filling the part to a choice among actors who could sing. It is probably hopeless to expect that the same person should have been instructed both how to use his voice and what to do with his legs. But if there were no song in the play, we should certainly recommend that the parts of King Richard, Ivanhoe, Bois-Guilbert, and Front de Boeuf should all be filled by soldiers of the Life Guards. An intelligent corporal might soon be taught to speak as well as the present performers of these parts, and he would look and move infinitely better. We do not, however, blame the actors, who are just what might have been expected at a theatre which has long ceased to be a school of acting. It would be necessary to go back almost to Macready's management to find a time when such parts as these were satisfactorily performed. The desire sometimes expressed to revive Shakspeare on the stage has to encounter this among other difficulties, that, except the veterans of Macready's period, who are now advanced in years, there can hardly be found an actor capable of putting on a knight's bearing along with a suit of armour. But, laying aside unpractical aspirations, it seems strange that a manager who aims at an impressive spectacle should not consider equally all the elements of which it is or ought to be composed. In arranging a ballet it is understood that one particularly pretty and graceful girl contributes more to its success than fifty girls of merely ordinary appearance. So in a tournament one handsome and martial figure would be worth any number of the awkward shufflers who usually represent soldiers. The first scene of the play shows that in this respect the manager has not improved upon the company which he collected in former years. The knights enter the hall of Cedric and seat themselves at his supper-table, and our dismal apprehension is fulfilled. Such parts as Isaac and Rebecca can be acted so as to call forth genuine and deserved applause. But the Templar cannot cross the floor of Rotherwood and speak a few words to Cedric without distressing us by his vulgar swagger. Indeed the Templar's attendants, who stand still and say nothing, look more like gentlemen than their master. The critics have been at some pains to explain to us that in point of dramatic art it would have been a mistake to introduce a tournament into the middle of this drama as well as at the end of it. We can only say that the less there is of the Astleyan business the better we are pleased. Not, however, that we mean to deny that the Astleyan business is well done, but it is that and nothing more. We are well content, therefore, to be spared the sight of the lists at Ashby, and to learn only from the Jew's conversation with his daughter how the Templar was overthrown by Ivanhoe. The entrance of the wounded conqueror into the Jew's lodging, where he is put to bed by Gurth and tended by Rebecca, is indeed a violation both of the story and of our sensibilities at the same moment, but we may confess that even Kemble could not have looked dignified during the process of having his feet lifted upon a couch. The manager, however, having restricted himself to one tilting match, determined to make it as attractive as he could, and accordingly he has combined the accessories of Ashby and Templestowe in rather a startling manner. It may not, however, be inconsistent with the habits of the time to bring together a number of gaily dressed gentlemen and ladies to see a Jewess burned alive. Indeed we believe that at an *auto da fe* in Spain the royal and noble spectators wore the fullest possible Court dress, and we have somewhere seen a picture of an execution by the knout in Russia, in which the assembled company have paid particular attention to costume.

The good acting of some parts in this play only renders the bad acting of other parts more conspicuous. It is needless to say that Mr. Phelps, who has been absent from this theatre since a dramatic version of the *Fortunes of Nigel* was performed, adds in the part of Isaac of York to the reputation which he acquired by his affecting portrait of the weakness of old age in the character of the miser Trapbois. We should have liked to have had a little more of Isaac and a little less of the combat at the end; but undoubtedly stage-fighting, however ludicrous it may appear to occupants of stalls, is popular with the gallery. The scene where Isaac is threatened with torture in the dungeon of Front de Boeuf's castle would be more effective if an actor could be found to look the part of the cruel baron properly. The same deficiency of good second-rate actors to support the principal performers is felt far more keenly in the scene between Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert on the battlements of the castle. It is difficult to understand how a manager can think it worth his while to engage an accomplished actress for one of these parts and put a nobody into the other. If we merely saw the play, and were able to dismiss from our minds the story, we might conceal from ourselves that Bois-Guilbert was a Knight Templar, and take him for a ruffianly debauchee preparing to commit an ordinary act of violence. But who that has read *Ivanhoe* in youth can forget it after any lapse of years? "Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than the step and manner" of Bois-Guilbert as he entered the hall at Rotherwood. Alas, that the sight before our eyes should be so far below the standard in our minds! The beautiful and high-spirited Jewess is well represented by Miss Neilson; but even if a manager were willing to engage a suitable representative of the Templar, we know not where he could be found. It is difficult to say which supposition is the more absurd, that the Templar, such as he is, should presume to love, or that *Ivanhoe*, such as he is, should have the distinction to be loved by the Jewess. Yet even under these unfavourable circumstances the character of Rebecca almost lifts this play to the level of Drury Lane Theatre as it was under Macready's management. There is happily no equivalent for the sensational incident which closed last year's drama of *Amy Robsart*. The Jewess, as we all know, only threatens to throw herself from the battlement if Bois-Guilbert pursues his scheme of violence. The modern playwright may learn from this example how much more impressive it sometimes is to speak of horrors on the stage than to act them. "Here I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God than her honour to the Templar." It was easy work to adapt this scene of the novel to the stage. No situation can be more effective; and even if in so large a house some of the audience cannot distinctly hear Rebecca's words, they can fully understand her meaning as she springs to the dreadful verge, and turning, signs to her persecutor to keep his distance. "Let there be peace between us," says the knight. "Peace, if thou wilt," she answers, "but with this space between." He replies that she need no longer fear him. "I fear thee not," rejoins the Jewess, "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him and to the God of Israel I fear thee not." It needs but to copy out a few passages like these and you have a scene which wants only a good actor to help an accomplished actress to make it unequalled for absorbing interest upon the contemporary stage. But it is well that the talking at Drury Lane Theatre should be done chiefly by the lady, while the knight confines himself to such demonstrations of his wicked purpose as may suffice to arouse her terrible resolution. "The pious soldiers of the Temple," says Bois-Guilbert, "will not alone place their foot upon the necks of kings—a hemp-sandal monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne, our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe." It is to be feared that both the actor and many of the audience would feel this sort of high-flown talk to be beyond them. But in the hall and lists of Templestowe the simple words which the author has put into Rebecca's mouth need but to be clearly heard to awaken universal sympathy in the theatre. "God will raise me up a champion," says she. "It cannot be that in merry England, the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice." In these scenes the interest centres so entirely on Rebecca that it matters little how the other characters are performed. We are so thoroughly disgusted with Bois-Guilbert and *Ivanhoe* on foot that our impatience cannot be heightened by seeing them on horseback, and at any rate they cannot talk while they are tilting. We can only wish that they were clothed as completely as their horses, as then we might be less painfully sensible of their awkwardness. But let us turn from them to Rebecca, whose pathetic answer to the herald reminds us that we are not at Astley's in our childhood:—"Say to the Grand Master that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done." While a vast assemblage listens with manifest emotion to such words as these, the prospect of the romantic drama cannot be hopeless in England.

REVIEWS.

HARTWIG'S SUBTERRANEAN WORLD.*

DR. HARTWIG has followed up his popular and instructive volumes upon the wonders of the sea and the distinctive phenomena of the Tropics and the Poles with an equally well-written and comprehensive account of the manifold operations which the forces of nature or the enterprise or skill of man carry on beneath the surface of the earth. His aim in the *Subterranean World* has been in the main to lay open to the general reader what the latest science has to say touching those mysterious laboratories of fire which reveal to us their existence in earthquakes and volcanic explosions, more especially in their various relations to man, now ministering to his well-being and wealth, now dooming him and his works to destruction. In this branch of scientific research, which we may call the dynamics of geology, he has spared no pains to bring together the latest and most trustworthy results of inquiry and observation, and he deserves the thanks of the public for the clearness and the thoroughness of treatment with which he has massed his materials together. The opening chapters give a general summary of the geological revolutions to which the existing configuration of the earth bears witness, the result of the eternal strife between water and fire. Before passing to the specific class of phenomena which belong to seismic or volcanic action, he lays before the reader a sufficient view of the aqueous deposits—superimposed in general upon the primary shell of our planet, and broken through or otherwise affected by its latent igneous forces—to supply a clear idea of their chronological succession, as well as of the enormous time required for their formation. It is well shown how the imbedded fossils form an index or clue to the successive stages in the evolution of living forms, testifying to the uninterrupted continuity of organic life amid the climatic and other changes which have largely influenced its diffusion and growth. The notion of abrupt and stupendous cataclysms sweeping away the whole fauna or flora of continents, if not of the globe itself, may be considered as well got rid of from our manuals of science. A sufficient residuum of force remains in the alternate action of upheaval and depression to supply our geologists with a key to most, if not the whole, of the problems involved in the existing configuration of the earth's surface. And for the proximate causes of these vast mechanical processes we are led at once to what forms the leading subject of Dr. Hartwig's work, the subterranean fires, which seem at no time universally quiescent, though no law or limit can be assigned to their activity or their interior relations. Without dogmatizing upon the mysteries which are for ever at work in the profound abysses of the subterranean world, our author lays down briefly what may be considered the acknowledged facts bearing upon volcanic agency, which may serve the student as guide-marks in the course of his speculations. Adequate proofs of the existence of interior heat are found in the increasing temperature of the earth at progressive depths below the surface, the influence of the sun's heat being found nowhere perceptible much below sixty or eighty feet. Experiments in mines and artesian wells, the details of which are copiously given by Dr. Hartwig, not less than the natural evidence of hot springs and volcanic eruptions, concur in proclaiming the existence of incandescent masses, wheresoever distributed, and in what way soever connected in their action upon the superficial shell, seething and fluctuating within the earth's volume. Little doubt need prevail as regards the theory which conceives our world to have been at one time a whirling mass of molten matter, cooled in its wanderings through space during unnumbered ages; the huge, once fluid, mass of metals and stones having become encrusted with a solid shell, beneath which the ancient furnaces are still burning, and striving to burst their fetters. As we walk over its surface, but a thin and broken film of strata lies between us and fires whose fury is never long or wholly quenched—

suppositis cineri doloso.

The early and obvious proofs of mighty oscillations in the earth's strata supplied by marine deposits found at high mountain elevations were for the first time brought into relation with existing terrestrial changes by the observations of Celsius, the Swedish naturalist, early in the last century, upon the changes of level between land and water upon the coasts of the Baltic and German Ocean. This difference, which he was inclined to attribute to a sinking of the waters of the Baltic, was traced by Playfair and Von Buch to the slow, but regular, rising of the land. The later investigations of Sir Charles Lyell and others have placed the fact beyond a doubt, and show the rate of elevation to be about a foot in a hundred years. Proofs of a similar rise have accumulated in numbers, together with those of depression on the other hand, sufficient to warrant the inference that violent and sudden outbreaks of volcanic force have been far less instrumental in moulding the earth-rind to its present form than the slow oscillatory movements which have from time immemorial been elevating and depressing its surface. In connecting these gradual oscillations with the agency of subterranean fires, Dr. Hartwig avails himself of the hypothesis of the expansion of deep-seated masses of matter under greatly heightened temperatures. As a cause of

* *The Subterranean World*. By Dr. George Hartwig. With three Maps and numerous Engravings on Wood. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

the disproportionate elevation of ridges or plateaux at no great distance from each other, we may possibly regard the lateral shifting of the flow of heat from one mass of subterranean matter to another not far off, instead of a positive increase to that of the general mass. Such a lateral diversion, Mr. Poulett Scrope has suggested, might be the result where over certain areas liable to heat have been deposited thick newly-formed beds of any matter imperfectly conducting heat, like sedimentary gravels, clays, shales, or calcareous mud. Dr. Hartwig's solutions of the class of geological problems which fall under the head of volcanic action coincide on the whole with the principles to which Mr. Mallet has given much force and cohesion. His enumeration of the great eruptions from the earliest historical period to the present time exhibits in instructive contrast the different phenomena which have marked these outbursts. The exact number of active and extinct volcanoes which are scattered over the earth's surface is not to be obtained with precision, a very considerable portion of the globe not having as yet been scientifically explored. Werner's list of 193 was extended by Humboldt to 407, of these 225 being still in a state of activity. Dr. Fuchs of Heidelberg has lately carried on the list to a total of 672, of which 270 are active. Dr. Hartwig's chart showing their world-wide distribution makes manifest the difficulty of assigning any law to the forces which issue in these vents, whether we regard them as safety valves preserving our planet from extensive disruption from interior fires, or outlets whereby the great laboratories of nature give forth their residual products in the shape of gaseous vapours or molten refuse, or whereby the heat engendered by the pressure or falling in of upper upon lower strata seeks an exit, an inburst of sea water at times adding to the strife of the elements by an immense accumulation of steam.

Landslips and volcanic fissures, with subterranean watercourses and the formation of caves, follow in due order, and will be found well described in Dr. Hartwig's pages. Not only in their physical aspect as significant phenomena of nature, or in the materials which their picturesque beauty or solemn grandeur offers to the eye of taste, but even more in their witness to the history of a remote past, an intense interest has attached itself of late to the study of caves. As repositories of once living varieties, the ossiferous caverns open as it were a book wherein the gaps between what we may regard as historical record and the vast cycles of time certified to us by physical changes are in a measure to be filled up. Herein is found many a meeting-point between species long extinct and those of recent or familiar occurrence. The history of man in particular receives its latest written, but really most remote and introductory, chapter. Dr. Hartwig has well put into popular language the testimony which the subterranean world has been found capable of bearing to the evolution of life upon its surface from its rudest beginnings to its most nobly developed forms. To deal with prehistoric humanity in its widest variety or fullest scope lies, of course, beyond the purpose of his book. But without some such succinct and graphic summary as he has given here, his treatment of the multifarious and richly-endowed world beneath our feet would have been far from exhaustive or satisfactory.

Mining and metallurgy are not subjects to offer much by way of novelty within the scope of a work of this nature. It must be allowed, notwithstanding, that in treating the subject of the more familiar ores and metals Dr. Hartwig has illustrated the history, the modes of working, and the various sources of supply with a freshness which prevents its being dry or technical, his narrative or descriptive style often rising to the picturesque. For a clear popular account of coal mining, with its difficulties and risks, the lessons in science to be read from the yield of its fields and measures—of the great industries of iron, copper, tin, and lead, or the so-called precious metals, their ancient use, their inordinate culture, and their most recent development—we hardly know to what work we could point as conveying so much information in anything like the compass. Perhaps the most novel, and consequently the most welcome, chapter is that which treats of the new metals which modern enterprise and skill has added to the mystic seven to which nature was long supposed to have limited her primary sources of metallic wealth. No less than fifty-six elementary bodies of this class are now known to our chemists and metallurgists. Some have been found lurking under the disguise of alkaline and earthy matters, such as clay and chalk, magnesia and sand, soda and potash. Others have been discovered in the water of mineral springs, or under what Dr. Hartwig calls the brilliant mask of precious stones. Most of these were unknown before the beginning of the present century, nor can we conceive that the list of these progressive gains from the laboratory of nature is likely soon to be exhausted. Calamine, the chief ore which provides us with zinc, was not unknown to the ancients, who, by smelting it with tin, obtained the alloy similar to our brass which is found by analysis in many a Roman coin. But the metal itself seems to have been first discovered by Paracelsus, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Its introduction as a useful metal dates within the present century, within which time its production for purposes of use and ornament has made strides without parallel in the history of metals. While before 1808 from 150 to 200 tons sufficed for the annual consumption of Europe, more than 110,000 tons are now required, the produce in the main of Belgium, Silesia, Westphalia, and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. In England calamine is, next to galena, the most important mineral product of the Derbyshire mines, while large quantities of blende or sulphuret of zinc, have been realized

from the Isle of Man, Denbighshire, Flintshire, and Cornwall. A large amount of Swedish, Sardinian, and Spanish ores has of late been imported for reduction at the Swansea smelting works. The recently opened and promising yield of calamine and blende in Tennessee is rapidly making the United States independent of the supply of zinc from Europe. Of the new metals, several have as yet scarcely passed out of the category of scientific curiosities. Yet not a few have already found themselves a place and a value in industry and the arts. Tungsten, for instance (*Tung-sten*, Swed. "heavy stone"), a metal first discovered by the brothers Juan and Fausto d'Elhujar, of Spain, in the black mineral "wolfram" found in combination with the tin ores of Cornwall (where it is known as "cal" or "callen" and "gossan"), Saxony, Austria, and elsewhere, though of no practical use in its isolated state, forms when melted with cast steel, or even iron, in the proportion of from two to five per cent., a steel superior to all other for tenacity and density. Several of the tungstates, or salts of tungsten, are used as pigments, and in the tungstate of soda we have an invaluable material for rendering fabrics unflammable. Uranium, first found by Klaproth in *pechblende* (pitch blende), a heavy black mineral from the mines of the Erzgebirge, is of great value in porcelain painting, yielding a fine orange colour in the enamelling fire, and a deep black in the final baking process. Chrome, like cobalt, is used as a pigment, its oxides imparting to porcelain the finest greens, while several of its salts form splendid yellows. The metal itself, discovered by Vauquelin in 1797, is found chiefly in Hungary, Norway, Siberia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the Shetland Isles. About two thousand tons of it, Dr. Hartwig writes, are imported into England annually. Of recent metals none promises to become of greater importance than aluminium, first extracted by Sir Humphry Davy from clay or alumina, of which the purest native oxides are the varieties of corundum, such as oriental ruby and sapphire. Its silvery lustre and insensibility to effects of atmosphere give it a peculiar value for purposes of art and ornament, while its low specific gravity ($\frac{2}{3}$) renders it especially available for such objects as telescopes and opera-glasses. Its high price (4*l.* or so a pound) stands as yet in the way of its application to manifold ordinary uses. With copper it has been made to form, in the hands of Dr. Percy, the invaluable alloy aluminium bronze, possessing the hardness, tenacity, and malleability of iron, without its liability to rust. The fine colour of this metal renders it a cheap and popular substitute for gold. As such, we learn from Dr. Hartwig, a recent decree of the Pope sanctions its use in the case of church vessels and ornaments. Magnesium, the metallic bases of magnesia, one of the minor triumphs of Davy's chemical genius, has been of late years raised from a curiosity of the laboratory, not only by Mr. Sonstadt's process for producing it in larger quantities—its silvery brilliance, hardness, and ductility, with its low specific gravity and non-liability to rust opening to it a variety of technical applications—but more especially by the discovery of its high and pure illuminating power. For lighthouses and mines the magnesium ray is being brought into rapidly progressive use, and for the art of the photographer it comes nearest to the spectrum of the sun. Davy's discovery of sodium, the metallic base of soda, can never become so directly useful, though its ores are of indispensable service for reducing those not only of aluminium, but of magnesium. Palladium and rhodium, discovered by Wollaston, and thallium, educed by Mr. Crookes as recently as 1861, close Dr. Hartwig's list of these acquisitions to the laboratory, or to the industrial arts. His chapter on amber, its origin, history, and uses, is equally to be noted for the amount of information it condenses into a limited space. In the concluding chapters the varieties of precious stones are well traced and illustrated, though both here and in the account of mining operations we miss much of the fulness of treatment, as well as the picturesque of style, which mark M. Simonin's *Vie Souterraine*, a work with which Dr. Hartwig's runs to a great degree parallel in scope and matter, although entirely independent in point of literary structure. In particular, the reader fails to get here the aid of the brilliant and really gem-like effects which the art of colour-printing has imparted to the illustrations of precious stones in the French work. If less elegant or artistic, Dr. Hartwig's volume has in it nevertheless an amount of substantial and well-chosen material which entitles it to a forward and abiding place in the popular literature of science.

GRANT'S NEWSPAPER PRESS.*

MR. JAMES GRANT has undertaken to write the history of the newspaper press in four volumes, of which two are now before us. These two volumes are devoted to the early history of metropolitan journalism, and, as we learn from the preface, "to sketches of the existing daily, tri-weekly, and bi-weekly journals." A tri-weekly paper is of course one which is published every three weeks, and a bi-weekly one which is published every fortnight; but it appears from the text that Mr. Grant thus designates papers which are issued thrice and twice a week. A great many foolish and worthless books are published every year, but it is seldom that we meet with a book of such unqualified stupidity, and so absolutely worthless, as this so-called *History*

* *The Newspaper Press: its Origin, Progress, and Present Position.* By James Grant, Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c., and late Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1871.

of the *Newspaper Press*. It is an egregious example of the worst kind of book-making. Its contents may be divided into two parts. The first part, relating to the early history of newspapers, contains only matter which has been previously published in a more compact, accurate, and intelligible form. The second part, relating to the recent and present condition of the press, consists of matter which is not only in many respects grossly and scandalously inaccurate, but which it is an impertinence to publish at all. Mr. Grant is fond of talking about his researches in the vaults of the British Museum, and ostentatiously thanks the officers of that institution for their services in procuring him files of old newspapers and books of distant date. We are unable to discover in the two bulky volumes which he has produced any trace of the fruits of these inquiries. Mr. Grant might have spared himself and the officers of the Museum a good deal of useless trouble. As far as we can see, there is nothing in his history of the rise and development of English newspapers which is not to be found in the books of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Andrews, and one or two other equally familiar works; when we say nothing, we mean, of course, nothing in the shape of genuine information. In borrowing from others Mr. Grant has not failed to add a flavour of his own. The false grammar, the bad English, the twaddling egotism, the rapid reflections are all his own. Mr. Grant talks of "the functions incident to the office—universal in our own day—of that reporter"; of the means of postal communication being limited to "what consisted of letters and despatches"; of a publisher who "was not only always liberal, but often princely so, in the amount of his remuneration." "The party to whom I refer," he says, on another occasion, "is John Horne Tooke." "Party," for person, is one of his favourite expressions:—

I knew [he remarks incidentally] an instance of an "At Home" costing the party giving it no less than 2,500*l.*; but it is right to state that probably there never was a greater assemblage of the aristocracy of England than on that occasion, and that the supper on the occasion, which was given in Willis's Rooms, was one of the most superb ever known in this or in any other country. It is right, however, I should add, that while the parties invited were in the majority of cases members of the fashionable world—strictly speaking so-called—the gentleman who was the donor of this magnificent banquet and ball was a bachelor, and died a few years ago.

"A party who knew well what he said" is frequently introduced as Mr. Grant's authority for his statements. An old advertisement about a mermaid—a thousand times quoted before—is made an excuse for the following sprightly witticisms:—

The monster in this case is a lady; and being so, we are sorry that the epithet should have been applied to her, as it was by some of the journals of the day. It is not so applied, however—it is gratifying to be able to say—by the writer to whom we are indebted for what follows, which I give with this prefatory observation, that one cannot but regret that, as the married gentleman and lady seemed to visit the same locality on the banks of the Thames, they did not do so at or about the same time, instead of at the long interval of eleven years; because in that case there would have been a dramatic fitness in considering them to be husband and wife—

with more drivel of the same kind. In the well-known advertisement for Charles II.'s dog, it is announced that a reward would be paid to any one who brought word of the animal to His Majesty's Back Stairs. This phrase throws Mr. Grant into great perplexity:—

The expression "His Majesty's Back Stairs" is not [he says], in its present connexion, intelligible to me. The expression is one of sufficiently frequent occurrence in the present day, but its accepted meaning with us, is the employment of some underhand influence at Court. However, let that pass.

Mr. Grant calculates, with characteristic gravity, that if Cowper had seen the newspapers of the present day, instead of a page or two of the *Task* being devoted to that theme, he would have written "a goodly volume" upon it.

If two such poets [he adds] as Cowper and Crabbe could thus expatiate on the qualities of the tiny publications called newspapers of their day, with what wonder and admiration, were it possible they could revisit our world, would they look on, and in what exalted strains would they sing the praises of the *Times* and other morning journals of 1871!

It is just possible that some of our morning journals might excite more wonder than admiration on the part of the poets. Cowper revelling in the pure English and modest humanity of the *Daily Telegraph* is certainly an original conception. The prudent qualification, "were it possible they could revisit our world," reminds one of Lamb's story of some one remarking in a company that it was a pity Burns was not amongst them, and five Scotchmen solemnly rising to explain that Burns, being dead, could not possibly attend.

Mr. Grant quotes Lord Macaulay's remark that the true history of a country is to be found in its newspapers, without apparently understanding its obvious meaning. He seems to imagine that Macaulay meant that the history of a country is to be sought in the history of its newspapers—whereas his remark applies to the contents of the newspapers, the events they chronicle, and the comments they pass on events. Mr. Grant might have composed an extremely interesting and valuable book if he had taken the trouble to give us some idea, not merely of the history of the press, but of its political and literary character, by means of extracts from the old files. It is true Mr. Grant borrows one or two extracts at second hand from other writers on the subject, and we are led to infer that one quotation is the result entirely of his own research and personal selection. This quotation is given "as an attestation of the piquancy and 'point'" which in 1800 characterized the paragraphs in the *Times*, and is as follows:—

It is observed in one of the papers that the female waist is contracting

itself. This fashion may suit the present season very well. Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*, says that in about forty weeks after this general season the waist used to assume a different shape, which generally gave him much trouble in his capacity of Justice of the Peace.

"No one," Mr. Grant adds encouragingly, "can fail to perceive the point contained in this paragraph." Mr. Grant is as loose and slovenly in collecting information as in putting it together. He repeatedly apologizes for slurring over a name or a date by saying that it escapes his memory. On the interesting question as to which was the first daily newspaper in England, he clips some correspondence from the *Times* and reprints it bodily, instead of going to the British Museum and settling the point in dispute by a reference to Dr. Burney's collection of news-sheets. While Steele's courtship, which has nothing in the world to do with the history of newspapers, is dragged in to fill up a page or two, Defoe is summarily disposed of, and no reference is made to the equivocal transactions in which he was involved. Mr. Grant favours us with the original and profoundly discriminating remark, that "Fielding was a man of brilliant ability as a novelist"; but it would have been more to the purpose of his history if he had supplied some examples of Fielding's newspaper writing. Burke's connexion with the press should have been similarly illustrated; and if it was worth while to devote several pages to Foote's quarrel with the papers of his day, it was obviously necessary to explain the quarrel by giving some account of the criticisms which wounded the comedian so deeply.

There is an old and not very interesting or important controversy as to whether Coleridge was underpaid for editing the *Morning Post*. Mr. Grant fills about a score of pages with the unpleasant charges and recriminations on each side, but has not been at the least pains to ascertain what amount or kind of writing Coleridge actually did for the *Post*. Coleridge himself had a theory that, by tracing the past history of any great political question, and observing what had happened in former times under more or less similar circumstances, he could foretell pretty closely the course of events; and he boasted that he had repeatedly prophesied in this fashion in the *Post*, and had seen his prophecies fulfilled. This is a point of some interest on which, with a very little trouble and without any laborious researches in the vaults of the British Museum, information might surely be obtained. Mr. Grant reproduces the well-known story of Lord Campbell, when a young man, having written a criticism on *Romeo and Juliet* for the *Morning Chronicle*, to the effect that the play was a very good one as far as it went, but too long for the taste of the day, and that the author would do well to cut it down. As an historian, Mr. Grant might have been expected to look up this remarkable criticism in the *Chronicle*, if it ever appeared, and give us the date of it. Perhaps the most glaring instance of carelessness and indifference to historical accuracy is to be found in his description of a new machine which has lately been invented for printing the *Times*. Mr. Grant is content to copy an account of it from the correspondence of an American paper without verification, and occupies some space with an argument of his own as to who was the inventor and why it received its name, when a reference to the specifications in the Patent Office, or to the manager of the *Times*, would have furnished him with exact and authoritative information.

Mr. Grant writes of the feats of the penny-a-liners with sympathetic admiration, as might be expected. An aptitude for verbose writing is, he tells us, an indispensable qualification for this distinguished profession; and we agree with him that, "to do the body justice, they all more or less excel in the use of words." A liner who was once taken to task for his bad grammar and nonsensical expressions, exclaimed, "Well, what's the odds so as the lines is in?" "In these few words," Mr. Grant assures us, "the whole system of penny-a-line philosophy is comprised." We may add that this is also, apparently, Mr. Grant's own philosophy. His book is a gigantic exhibition of the most vulgar and unscrupulous penny-a-lining. He is defiant of grammar, heedless as to facts, and does not seem to care whether he writes sense or nonsense, as long as he heaps words upon words, and "gets his lines in." All sorts of rubbish are tumbled in for the mere sake of filling up space; old Joe Millers spun out to an inordinate length, irrelevant quotations and digressions, tittle-tattle about himself and his acquaintances, and moral reflections in a style which reminds one alternately of Sairey Gamp and Mr. F.'s Aunt, on "newspaper advertisements as illustrative of human life," on births, marriages, and deaths—which he thinks, for the sake of propriety, should be transposed, so that marriages should come before births, though we may remind Mr. Grant that people are generally born before they are married. Mr. Grant, speaking of himself in the third person, informs us that "the party alluded to has been very successful in connexion with the metropolitan press from that time [when first engaged by Mr. Black as a reporter on the *Chronicle*] till this, although many years have intervened." He has written fifty-five volumes, and "literally thousands of leading articles." Mr. Black once borrowed a book from him, and never returned it. Fifteen pages are devoted to Mr. Grant's recollections of Mr. Dickens, the point of the narrative being that, when the latter was a young man, he was once very nearly engaged to write something for a periodical which Mr. Grant edited. Mr. Grant, for reasons not stated, does not rate Mr. Disraeli's affability very highly. He announces that he was on intimate terms with Lord Palmerston, who used to receive him very cordially and tell him funny stories; it is conceivable that Mr. Grant on his part may have contributed, perhaps

unconsciously, to the entertainment of his host. As a warning to living statesmen whom they admit to confidential intercourse, Mr. Grant states that, "from frequent conversations which he had in private with Lord Palmerston," he is convinced he was a political impostor, and that his Liberal professions "were to be ascribed to expediency." When Baron Reuter was establishing his system of newspaper telegrams he called upon Mr. Grant, among other editors, and to this Mr. Grant attributes the Baron's subsequent success. This remarkable and fruitful interview is set forth with pre-Raffaellite minuteness:—

In October, in the year 1853, one morning a gentleman called on me. His accent, though he spoke English well, at once indicated his German nationality.

"Have I," he said, "the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Grant?"

"I said that Grant was my name.

"Would you favour me with a few minutes of your time, as I have what I regard as an important proposal to make to you?"

"Oh, certainly," was my answer. "Take a seat;" and so saying I handed him a chair.

"My name," he continued, "is Reuter. Most probably you have never heard it before."

"I said I had not had that pleasure, &c., &c."

Mr. Grant holds that it is the mission of the press "to enlighten, civilize, and morally transform the world," and he rejoices over what he deems the improved morality of our newspapers. In the beginning of the century the newspapers contained "much which no lady of delicate mind could read aloud, and which no gentleman, however gay he might be, would dare to read in the hearing of a lady." Mr. Grant can hardly mean to imply that the morning papers are now always fit to be read aloud by ladies of delicate mind for the edification of a family. The Mordaunt case was, we believe, fully reported even in the immaculate *Advertiser*, of which Mr. Grant was then editor; and we have also some recollection of filthy quack advertisements in the same journal, which we trust Mr. Grant, even in his gayest mood, would not think of reading to a lady.

The worthlessness of this book, from a literary or historical point of view, is not its most serious offence. There is an obvious difficulty in attempting to write the personal history of a profession which is for the most part exercised anonymously. A writer who respected himself or his readers would understand the impropriety of printing statements which he had no means of verifying, of violating professional and personal confidences, and of prying into matters of a strictly private nature with which he had no more right to busy himself than with the butcher's or baker's bills of the people who happened to live on either side of him. Unhappily Mr. Grant is not restrained by any of these considerations. He is not ashamed to retail the idle gossip of the streets, the small talk of printers' devils and newsvendors' boys. He appears to be quite unconscious of the nature of the offence which he commits in publishing information entrusted to him confidentially in the course of business, as he does repeatedly and confessedly in these volumes. We are not in a position to say how far Mr. Grant's account of the commercial fortunes of our contemporaries is correct, nor, if we were, could we follow him into a discussion of such matters without imitating his misconduct. It is difficult to say whether his book is more remarkable for the grotesque imbecility of its language and ideas or the effrontery of its pretensions.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

(Second Notice).

EVERY theological student knows the practical inconvenience, for purposes of reference, of such enormously thick volumes as some of the folios of the Benedictine Fathers. The fifth volume of Augustine, for example, runs to above 3,000 pages in the French reprint of the Gaume edition. Such volumes are generally subdivided in binding into two manageable tomes; and the consequence is, that in the former part the text is separated from the indexes, and in the latter from the *prolegomena*; while no one can tell, when wishing to refer to a passage, at what page the binder has bisected the book. For some inscrutable reason, and in the face of such experience, the editor of the *Speaker's Commentary* has thought it necessary to include the whole of the Pentateuch nominally in one volume. But the binder has been driven by the bulk of sixty or seventy sheets to make two nearly equal parts of it. To all intents and purposes these are two volumes, and ought to have been treated as such; instead of which the pagination runs on consecutively from the First Part to the Second, and the tables of contents, prefixed to the First Part, are not repeated in the Second. Indexes there are none, though in a work containing so many important disquisitions they would seem to be indispensable. It is irritating to the reader of the Second Part to find that, for any reference to the prefatory matter, even as to the authorship of particular essays, he must keep the First Part by his side. With this exception the typography and getting-up of the work is all that could be desired. The price indeed is very high, and is likely to stand in the way of any very large sale. As we write we observe that these volumes have been already reprinted in America at the cost of about half the price of the English edition.

* The Holy Bible, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. I. Part 2. Leviticus—Deuteronomy. London: Murray. 1871.

The Second Part of the first volume, which is now before us, contains the three books of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. A careful examination of this portion of the work confirms generally the opinions which we expressed in noticing the commentary on Genesis and Exodus. On the whole, however, we are rather less satisfied with the present instalment. Leviticus has been annotated by Mr. Samuel Clark. The task, it must be admitted, was no easy one. An introductory chapter treats with temper and moderation the question of the authorship of the book, and discusses with dry and precise detail the general ritual of the altar under the Old Dispensation. Doubtless "a compact and systematic" account of the *rationale* of the sacrificial worship of the Tabernacle is necessary for the understanding of the ceremonial precepts of Leviticus. Mr. Clark has picked out and arranged the dry bones of the subject, and has articulated them very ingeniously into a complete skeleton. But a skeleton it remains. He has not clothed it with flesh and blood. It remains a repulsive object for anatomical study, and nothing more. Every one who reads the booksellers' advertisements of theological books will remember such titles as "Christ in Genesis," "in Exodus," and the like. The authors who use such titles are probably not such dignified personages as the "Bishops and other clergy of the Anglican Church" who are announced as the writers of the *Speaker's Commentary*. But at least they have apprehended, as it seems to us, the real spirit and the only true moral value of the Old Testament. Strange to say, the great cardinal truth that the whole Mosaic system was intended to be typical of the Christian dispensation, and introductory to it, is, if not ignored, yet certainly obscured, in the Commentary before us. English Protestants are wont to pique themselves on their knowledge of the Bible, yet it has been truly remarked that the Old Testament types of Our Lord, as illustrated by the tableaux of the Ammergau Passionspiel, seemed to many of the spectators to throw a new light on the meaning of the ancient Scriptures. This new Commentary unfortunately will not deepen any man's knowledge of the Christology of the Old Testament; and this is by far its gravest fault. It is true that the comments of this work profess to be "explanatory and critical" rather than doctrinal or devotional. Still the reticence on this point is sometimes so marked that we suspect it to be intentional; and the more so as, in scanning the notes, we observe some inconsistencies, which seem due to the interposition of a revising hand. Old-fashioned theologians may justly feel much dissatisfaction, from this point of view, with Mr. Clark's Essay on the "Historical Development of Sacrifice." Its gist seems to be to get rid of the idea of the Atonement, as pervading and vitalizing, and—may it not be said?—justifying the whole sacrificial system. To this end the courtly commentator, who rarely quotes living authors, extracts with high approval the following passage from Thomson's *Bampton Lectures*, in order to show that "the unqualified self-sacrifice of the person" rather than any notion of an expiatory kind is the root of the idea of sacrifice. "The keynote of all the sacrificial systems is the same," says Archbishop Thomson; "self-abdication and a sense of dependence on God are the feelings which gifts and victims strive to express." Surely this is, to say the least, a most defective and inadequate statement. Following out this line of thought, Mr. Clark arrives at the conclusion that the "blood of the covenant" was "both in form and significance the Blood of the Burnt-offering and the Peace-offering, not that of the Sin-offering." It is remarkable that this conclusion, whether consciously or not, is virtually contradicted in what follows. For though the writer goes on to argue that in each kind of sacrifice the "central idea of sacrificial worship"—namely (on this hypothesis) the idea of self-dedication—"was kept constantly in view; yet, on the other hand," he adds, "the truth that every sacrifice, for the Israelite to whom the Law had been revealed, must be based upon Atonement, is declared in the words that his burnt-offering 'shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.'" It is not for us to do more than point out the inconsistency. This seems to us very much like what preachers call the "uncertain sound" of the trumpet. We pity the inquirer who goes to this essay for explanation of the real significance of the sacrificial system of the Mosaic covenant.

It is a pleasant task to point out that in a disquisition on the "Life in the Blood" (on Leviticus xvii. 11), Mr. Clark very succinctly and lucidly discusses the three words used in the Hebrew Scriptures for the threefold constitution of man; answering to the *vita*, *anima*, and *spiritus* of the Latin. In this essay he makes most creditable use of the latest researches of physiologists on the properties and phenomena of the blood. On the other hand, we part company with him again in his treatment of the vexed question raised by the passage generally interpreted to forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister, in Leviticus xviii. 18. Not that we dissent from his mere criticism here, which leaves the actual Hebrew words in their incurable ambiguity. But in discussing the general subject of the prohibited degrees, a commentator—as it seems to us—ought to have, and to express, a definite opinion on the question of affinity. He may be right or wrong; but let him speak his mind and give his arguments for what they are worth. In the haze which invests this disquisition we fancy that the writer's own convictions are in favour of maintaining the Christian law of marriage in cases of affinity, but that he dares not express them. In reference to this important question, we may remark by the way that some attention has been awakened by a new view of the law of Levirate, lately put forth in the *Churchman's Magazine*, of Hamilton (Canada). The writer gives reasons for thinking that the word "brother" means, in this connexion of

thought, the nearest relation outside the prohibited degrees. This he illustrates particularly by the example of Tobias and Sara, in the book of Tobit.

In the Commentary on Numbers, which is mainly due to the late Mr. Thrupp, revised and completed by Mr. Espin, we think we detect a different and a sounder theological bias. A work by several different hands must necessarily be unequal in treatment and in tone, and not even a revising editor can reduce to uniformity the varying idiosyncrasies of individuals. Mr. Espin is singly responsible for Deuteronomy. This gentleman's Introduction to the book of Numbers is full of interest and originality. He calls attention, for instance, to the curious "antiquarian note" about Hebron (Numbers xiii. 22), as a proof of the personal acquaintance of Moses with Egyptian history. He uses the famous Moabite stone—the most valuable philological discovery of our own day—to illustrate the question as to what Semitic dialect Balaam used in his "parables." The notes, too, on the sacred text are often apposite and highly suggestive. Thus he argues that it betrays "no little insensibility to the finer traits of the passage" to be shocked at Moses for mentioning his own "meekness," in Numbers xii. 3; and he rejects the suggested emendation of "miserable" for "meek," by Palfrey, or "afflicted," by Dr. W. Smith. We think he is quite right here. In the same chapter, again, on verse 8, we find a note on the Beatific Vision, which is of a far higher theological stamp than is common in these pages. In a note on the "unicorn" of Numbers xxiii. 22, the writer identifies this animal with the *bos primigenius* of geologists, the Aurochs of the old Germans, and the Urus of Caesar. We would refer with special commendation to a long note (on Numbers xx.) about the wasting away in the desert of the generation of the Israelites who had gone out of Egypt in the Exodus. The writer draws an impressive picture of the almost total blank of thirty-eight years out of the forty of the wandering, during which God's covenant with the rebellious people, "though not cancelled, was in abeyance." Many people, we are sure, fail to observe that the journeys recorded in Scripture do not occupy the whole period of forty years. During the long years of wasting the Israelites were probably widely dispersed in the Wilderness of Paran, the Tabernacle remaining as a mere nucleus of the nation. In like manner the history of Balaam strikes us as being annotated for the most part in an excellent spirit and method. Here, too, we find some reference, not only to the ancient Fathers, but even to mediæval writers such as Rupert of Deutz. It is painful to observe, throughout the greater part of this Commentary, how scanty are the notices of the older interpreters of Scripture. So marked is this, that in one place (Deut. iv. 41) Mr. Espin himself actually speaks of Calmet and Houbigant as "the older commentators!" This may be a slip of the pen; but it well illustrates the studied neglect of the precious stores of patristic exegesis. To return to the history of Balaam. Some persons may hear with surprise that certain ancient traditions identify this prophet not only with Lokman—the Arabic fable-writer—but with Æsop himself. The names Balaam and Lokman are equivalent, and mean "the destroyer of the people." We regret to remark, however, among the notes on Balaam's benediction of Israel, one of those rapid and utterly useless paraphrases which are the bane of most commentaries, sacred or profane. It has been thought worth while to comment on the passage "as cedar trees beside the waters," in the following words—"i.e., as the noblest of trees branching forth in the fairest of situations." It is scarcely less futile to explain the familiar words, "Be sure your sin will find you out," by the comment—"Moses implies that their sin would eventually bring its own punishment along with it." Of what possible good are such annotations to anybody? As a further specimen of needless annotation and cumbersome parade of learning, we would refer to the note on "the pan" in which the meat-offering is burnt, in Levit. ii. 5. The alternative reading in the margin is "a flat plate or slice." What more was wanted? Mr. Clark, however, takes pains to defend the marginal reading, and laboriously tells us that the Bedouins still use a flat plate of earthenware. Had he ever seen oat-cakes made at home, he would have known that they are baked among ourselves on an iron plate and not in a pan. However, there are occasionally notes, in the book of Numbers especially, in which the deeper relations of the subject are at least hinted at. Take, for instance, the law of the slaying of the red heifer "without the camp." We are glad to say that this is not treated without a reference to Heb. xiii. 11. On the other hand, a practical Commentary ought certainly to deal one way or other with the mystical numbers of Scripture. Yet the note on Numbers xiii. 25 suggests no explanation whatever of the forty days during which the spies of Joshua were examining the land of promise, but merely remarks that they had time enough for the exploration of the whole country. In the following chapter, however, the commentator condescends to remind his readers, in opposition to the slavish literalism of the Rabbins, that "ten is the number which imparts completeness." We turned with some curiosity to see what would be said of the angel of Numbers xx. 16 and the angel of Balaam's story. The first is simply explained away in a manner thoroughly inconsistent (as it seems to us) with the decided recognition, in the latter place, of the reality of the angelic presence. So far as our examination has extended, none of the writers in this Commentary have known, or at least have adopted, the views as to the Created and the Uncreated Angel of the Pentateuch so learnedly propounded by the late Dr. Mill in an appendix to his Cambridge "Christian Advocate's" publications.

We had noted with approbation several passages in Mr. Espin's Introduction to Deuteronomy. But our space compels us to forbear. The notes on this concluding book of the Pentateuch are of the same quality as those on Numbers. We observe, in passing, that Og's bedstead of iron is explained as a bier or sarcophagus of the black basalt of the country. The mediation of Moses in Deut. v. 5, as expressed to the eye by the phrase "standing between" the Lord and the people, is, as it seems to us, not thoroughly examined, nor is the idea carried out to its further developments in the ordinances of the sanctuary, and further still in the symbolical ritual of the Christian Church. But this perhaps was dangerous ground. We conclude with expressing our full satisfaction with Mr. Espin's masterly disquisition on the date of the Benediction of the Tribes at the end of Deuteronomy. A further instalment of this Commentary is promised almost immediately. It will contain the historical books from Joshua to Esther.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.*

THE wonderful thing about Miss Braddon, considering her success, is the narrowness of her circle of invention. Murder, bigamy, and adultery form the boundary lines of the space in which her imagination is confined as fast as if her spirit was held under the seal of Solomon. The utmost she can do is to ornament her main theme by extra touches of supreme atrocity, as in *Lady Audley's Secret*, where her murders or attempts at murder were audacious enough to pass for originality; or, as in her present book, the *Lovels of Arden*, where the possibility of incest is delicately indicated to give greater zest to the possibility of adultery. But the most elaborate ornamentation of detail cannot conceal inherent poverty of design, nor does the bold phrasing of stock themes constitute originality. Still we are willing to allow that Miss Braddon has endeavoured in this book to rise above her usual level, and that she has tried to give a quieter plot and a more analytical rendering of character than is general with her. She has chosen a doubtful subject, but she has not made it unnecessarily nauseous by her treatment; and so far we are thankful, and glad to be able to credit her with good intentions. But we are bound to say that she has failed in her endeavour, and that her skill as a character painter is not sufficient to engage the reader's interest for three long volumes, falling, as it does, so far short of that keen and searching analysis of motives and feelings which makes the success of the French psychological novelists. What she does attempt goes all wrong, and her characters do not hang together with that consistency of motive and action which alone could make them look like life.

The novelty in the story of these Lovels—if, indeed, we can call such a questionable variation on a worn-out theme a novelty at all—is that the children of two families repeat the sins of their parents, and go over precisely the same ground. In years gone by Mr. Temple Fairfax had made love to the wife of Mr. Lovel of Arden, and Mrs. Lovel had encouraged and responded to him. The injured husband found out the intrigue, fought a duel with the interloper, and was wounded; but, though he took his wife away from the scene of danger and brought her home to Arden, he was not able to separate her from her lover; and long after he believed that all communication between them was at an end, he found that things were going on as badly as before; though he is careful to tell his daughter Clarissa, for whose benefit he is relating this tale of her mother's shame, that he knows that in her worst sin against his love she "remained what the world calls innocent." Nevertheless he confesses that there are things which he cannot even hint to her, and that "there have been times when the shadow of that man has come between him and his children;" though, again, he takes occasion to explain that, in the interviews which took place between the pair before her own birth, there were always witnesses. So that the ornamental touch of possible incest between Clarissa Lovel and George Fairfax, the children of the lovers, is reduced to an insincere suggestion rather than offered as a direct deduction; yet, as a kind of collateral proof of the theory, the mystery of Mr. Lovel's dislike of his son Austin, which is never cleared up, seems to bear only this one interpretation of doubt as to his real parentage. We call it an insincere suggestion, for we hold it to be nothing else than the sacrifice which Miss Braddon thinks it necessary to make to British prejudice when she maintains that threadbare remnant of morality, "what the world calls innocent." This illogical avoidance of necessary consequences, this attempt to touch pitch and escape defilement, to palter with sinful passions yet never come to criminal acts, has always been the weak place in Miss Braddon as a truthful artist. And it is the blot which marks not only her own work, but the work of her whole school. They revel in suggesting all manner of abominable issues, in framing stories that hang on the question, "Will she or will she not break the Seventh Commandment?" and then, when they have all but delivered up their heroine to perdition, they stop suddenly short, and save her soul by a miracle. They are profoundly untrue to their own knowledge of human nature, and in their efforts to serve two masters—the analysis of vice and the maintenance of virtue—they fail to satisfy either. A woman such as the deceased Mrs. Lovel is painted would not have "remained what the world calls innocent." Given her luxurious and extravagant temperament, her necessary want of candour, her

* *The Lovels of Arden*. A Novel. By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

confessed want of love for her husband, coupled with her "mad passion" for her lover, and her indulgence of that passion up to the point allowed; and Mr. Lovel's ideas about the "shadow" would have been correct. Miss Braddon knew when she penned that episode that her saving clause was but a concession to the British matron, who does not take very kindly to stories of love affairs between brothers and sisters—a sop thrown to the Cerberus of Philistine decency.

The same kind of insincerity is repeated in the story of Clarissa; and the second attempt to paint a dove with the flight and feathers of a hawk is as unsuccessful as the first. Such a girl as Clarissa would have been either weaker or stronger than she is described to be. She would have yielded entirely or she would not have yielded at all; and the latter was the more probable of the two. She had heard her father's story, and, girl as she was, the thought that perhaps Temple Fairfax, the father of the man she loved, might have been her own father as well, must have forced itself on her mind; but we do not see a trace of the natural horror which an ordinary girl would have felt at the idea of a love affair with a man to whom she stood in at least the possible relation of a sister. Again, she is drawn as honourable to her friend, and loyal to her promise; but this same girl, so candid, so truthful, so faithful in one volume, becomes an intrigante and a deceiver in another. The transition is impossible, seeing that the authoress has insisted on her heroine remaining exactly the same pure and transparent creature that she was at the first, as if she could live in an atmosphere of falsehood and maintain her absolute integrity, live in an atmosphere of adultery and maintain her absolute purity. She is a contradiction all through. She, a married woman, goes day after day to her brother's rooms, where she meets George Fairfax, to whom she has confessed that she loved him "with all her heart" when she refused him; she lets him call her Clarissa, and make love to her of that dreamy, sensuous kind which saps the foundations of morality as surely as spring sun dissolves snow; yet when, abandoned by her husband and in utter despair, George Fairfax, warm, pleading, constant, finds her out at Brussels, and proposes a marriage—which would be bigamy—she looks at him with "a half-scornful smile," and freezes into the most unassailable virtue, the most icy repulsion. Her tone throughout that interview is one rather of anger and dislike than anything else; and we cannot give her virtue credit for resisting that for which she does not seem to have had any inclination. Yet how to reconcile this with her confession to George himself, her stolen meetings, and her frantic outpour when she thinks her husband has killed him? We can come only to the conclusion that Clarissa Lovel is that weakest of all creations, a woman playing with danger, peeping and peering about the forbidden thing, not whole-hearted enough to make the plunge nor honest enough to turn away; a woman who spends her strength in wishing that either sin was not so sinful, or else that it was not so nice. If we could conceive Miss Braddon's books having an enduring influence of any kind, the influence of such a story as this of the *Lovels of Arden* on the young would be to teach them that they may stand with security on a slippery incline, and go to the very verge of a precipice without falling over.

The *Lovels of Arden* repeats the main theme of the *Doctor's Wife*; which itself was suggested by *Madame Bovary*. The dress of course is different, but it is a dress which brings neither novelty nor freshness with it. We seem to have read it all before. The prelude before the serious business begins—that chance meeting in a railway carriage of an unsophisticated girl fresh from school and a blasé man of the world—two people who have pre-existing family relations of the Montague and Capulet order, so that their love for each other would meet with the approbation of neither house—is surely as old as the hills. So is that matter-of-course falling in love with each other during the journey, with the necessary result that when they meet again it is too late, the man of the world having agreed to make a marriage after his kind, convenient, suitable, but not loving, while the school-girl is still to be won. Then ensues the inevitable growth of love of the unconscious kind—the kind which is born blind and waxes strong in its sleep, then wakes with a start to recognise itself as of full stature and imperious needs. Now come heroic encounters with unruly feelings, spasmodic attempts at honesty and virtue on both sides, followed by partial breaks down on hers, entire collapse on his; but ending for the most part in the weaker man being kept up to the mark by the stronger girl whose moral leverage is irresistible. This ends the first part; the second is as inevitable. The heroine marries a rich and elderly man, whom she respects but does not love, and who loves her to devotion; she meets again with her former lover, when she suddenly becomes as weak as she was strong before, and drifts rapidly to the brink; is saved by the baby; suffers under false appearances; is discarded by her husband; conceals herself in dingy lodgings, probably about Soho; lives on her diamonds; tries to bake her bread by the way of art; fails, falls ill, coughs, looks consumptive and seraphic; but finally everything comes right, and there is a general confession of unworthiness and mutual forgiveness—in the case of Clarissa, fortunately without that edifying death-bed scene with which so many novelists whitewash their naughty wives, and wring the stout hearts of husbands who have doubted, discarded, but never ceased to love. Who that has given his mind to novels but must have come across some dozens wrought out on this old well-worn plan—novels with such a strong family likeness running through them that it is almost impossible to remember which is which, the variations in them

being no more important than those made by a set of school-girls drawing from the same model.

There are pretty bits, however, in the *Lovels of Arden*, and the characters of both Mr. Lovel and Mr. Granger—the selfish, indolent gentleman, and the hard, practical, but essentially noble *parvenu*—are nicely touched, if already known by heart. Lady Laura is perhaps the figure which has most claim to originality. She looks like a portrait, in the restless activity and rootless good nature with which she confuses her own mind and afflicts her friends. But we cannot commend either Lady Geraldine or Miss Granger; the one is too slightly, the other too broadly, wrought; while George Fairfax is of course just the typical first walking gentleman of the class prone to covet its neighbour's wife. The whole book, indeed, has a faded, wearied look somehow; at which we cannot wonder, seeing that this is the twentieth novel which Miss Braddon has put forth. But in such a veteran worker, who must have books of reference within reach, we should scarcely have expected to find the Sun-god figuring as "Helos," or "this impedimenta" gravely set down as good English; and it is surprising how such a phrase as "That sort of people generally were dissipated" escaped the printer's reader, even if it seemed according to Lindley Murray to the author. The conversations, too, are artificial and without individuality; but we repeat that we are willing to accept the *Lovels of Arden* as an endeavour to do something better than the sensational monstrosity with which Miss Braddon has associated her name; and for so much we are thankful.

THE LEGEND OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.*

THIS collection is interesting on several grounds. The principal piece in it, as an unpublished poem of the fourteenth century, has its value for the more immediate purpose of the Early English Society as a specimen of English. For those who care about the Arthurian Cycle it has a further interest, as giving one of the endless legends about the Holy Grail. Anyhow, like all these strange productions of romantic hagiology, it helps to set before us a curious picture of a certain stage of the human mind. The pieces in the Appendix, although rare, are reprints, while the main poem has been hitherto, as Mr. Skeat says, "utterly unknown." Of these secondary pieces, the first, "The Life of Joseph of Armathe," is reprinted from a black-letter copy of Wynkyn de Worde; the other two, "De Sancto Joseph Ab arimathea," and "The Life of Joseph of Armathe," were printed by Richard Pynson in 1516 and 1520. These three all deal with the story of Joseph in what to many will seem its most important aspect, in connexion with the history of Glastonbury; the third, a metrical life, is especially rich in local matter. In a certain sense we rather grudge St. Joseph his local honour. As Professor Willis showed, the bestowal of his name on the western church at Glastonbury is comparatively modern. It was connected with one of those outbursts of local saint-worship which savour rather of interested invention than of honest superstition. It was connected too with the playing of some daring tricks with one of the masterpieces of the art of the twelfth century. Yet it was perhaps a true instinct after all which gave St. Joseph's Chapel its best known name. Though the special worship of St. Joseph—like the yet later worship of another St. Joseph—was of recent date, yet the name of the Saint figures in the oldest and most genuine legends of Glastonbury, and to attach his name to the western church did not badly set forth that the western church of Glastonbury was the true representative of the primitive sanctuary of the Briton, the "lignea basilica" of Cant and William of Malmesbury.

Mr. Skeat goes with great minuteness into the legendary history of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Grail. He is inclined to attribute the origin of the tale to a lost Latin romance of Walter Map, the famous Archdeacon, from which several French versions were made in verse and prose, the oldest of them being written as early as 1170. On one of these our English story was founded by an unknown "West-Midland" poet of the fourteenth century, earlier than Piers Plowman. The manuscript was copied by a southern—that is, a Saxon—scribe, the effect of which process is a certain mixture of dialects, the Saxon transcriber having to some extent altered the language of the Mercian original. It is written "in unrimed alliterative metre"—Mr. Skeat, bold as a lion in a good cause, dares to restore the word *rime* to its natural English spelling. It is composed with a good deal of vigour, and contains some far from contemptible pieces of description. But, like all other stories of the kind, it fills us with amazement at the sort of stuff which, it is to be supposed, was once taken for history. It is hard to see how a great deal of it could have grown up in any natural process of the growth of legend. It is far more than colouring or exaggeration, far more than any pointing of a moral; a great part of the tale must be deliberate invention in the strictest sense. And the jumble of times, places, and creeds is very like the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. Indeed that wonderful book may fairly be looked on as the latest effort of the school. When Joseph baptizes Vespasian, and Vespasian his father makes the Jews who had hid themselves leap into a pit, we have still a

* *Joseph of Arimathea*: otherwise called *The Romance of the Saint Graal or Holy Grail*. With an Appendix, &c. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. London: published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1871.

feeble streak of light, some faint memory that two Titi Vespasiani, father and son, had something to do with hard measure dealt out to Jews. But it is not easy to see why the Jews who escape from Vespasian should escape into the land of Agrippa, the heir of Herod, when Agrippa was serving in the Roman army. Still we thus far have names out of the New Testament and Josephus, though they are turned about in a strange way. But what led anybody to invent Evelak, King of Sarra, the city of the Saracens, Tholomer, King of Babylon, and such like outlandish potentates? Tholomer, we may guess, is a remembrance of Ptolemy, and in the Seven Champions we actually find the mighty Ptolemy, King of Egypt, who worships the three great gods Mahomet, Termagaunt, and Apollo. And in Babylon we may discern a confusion between the real Babylon with which the poet still connects the names of Daniel and Nabuchodonosor and the Babylon of the Crusaders, that is to say, Cairo in Egypt. Of the triad of deities in the Seven Champions we have here no mention of Termagaunt, but "Appollin" is worshipped by Evelak, and is broken in pieces by Joseph, and Appollin and the other idols are spoken of as *maumets*. Of all turnings about in the world, the cruellest surely is that the name of the preacher of the Unity of God and smiter of the idols of the Kaaba should have been used for some ages as a name for idols and simulacres in general, and that traces of it should still exist in a form so far removed from the original as that of *mummery*. Of the Saracens of Sarra we find the familiar derivation from *Sarah*, but our poet seems to be wary, and does not absolutely commit himself to so strange a pedigree as that which confounded the children of the bondwoman and of the free, and traced the descendants of Ishmael up to the mother of Isaac. The connexion between Sarah and the city and nation seems to be purely geographical, much as when Beersheba (Bersabe) was held to have its name from "Bersabe, the wife of Sir Urye the Knight," and when the land of Jude was thought to be called from Judas Maccabæus:—

pei ferdon to A Cite faste bi-syde,
 jat was called sarra's per sarayns sprongen,
 Erest porw Abrahames wyf jat wonede per—inne.

The whole story seems to lie between Jerusalem and Sarra, only at the very end Joseph is made to set forth on a missionary journey, it is not very clear into what part of the world. We are happily spared any mention of Britain, except by way of a remote prophecy, though we begin to fear that something of the sort may be coming, as the Saracen King, when converted, is baptized by the name of Mordreyns, which is dangerously like the name borne by a British King in other versions of the story. The only thing which directly connects this story with Arthurian matters is the prophecy, or rather the command, of the birth of Galahad:—

penne spekes a vois and on heiz sigges,
 Iosep[h], hane þou no care þe kyng schal sone torne:
 Go þou most to þi wyf gete þou most nede
 A child, Galaad schal be hoten þat goodnesse schal reise
 þe Auenturus of Brutayne to haunsen and to holden.
 And he does as he bad and to his bed buskes.

Yet, though Galahad would thus seem to be specially called into being for some special purpose, he is not mentioned again in the course of the story, and we are left to reconcile as we can this account of his birth with his received parentage and chronology. The Holy Grail again is brought in, in a form which rather suggests the Holy Blood of Pécamp than any of the better known versions of the story. The beginning of this story is lost; where the existing portion begins Joseph is in prison, having been there for forty-two years, which seemed to him but three nights. After he is relieved from prison by Vespasian, he is bidden by a voice to go away from Jerusalem with his wife and his son Joseph. When he has got as far as the forest "jat was called Argos in þe lond of Damas," he hears a voice, the command given by which would seem to refer to something in the last part of the poem:—

penne spekes a vois to Ioseph was Ihesu Crist himselae,
 Iosep[h], marke on þe treo and make a luytel whucche [hutch, box]
 Forte do in þat ilke blod þou berest a-boute;
 When þe lust speke with me lift þe lide sone,
 þou schalt fynde me redi ryzt bi þi syde,
 And, bote þou and þi sone me no mon touche.

There is a good deal of theological disputation, inasmuch as King Evelak has to be convinced of the mystery of the Trinity, and a good deal of military description, as he has to wage war against his enemy King Tholomer. King Evelak, it is as well to mention, was the son of a cobbler:—

Forsoþe A mon was þi fader þat coupe schon a-mende.

But he was set to serve two fair maidens, two, it would seem, of forty knights' daughters of France, who sewed silk-work in the chamber of Augustus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome. He left the court of Augustus, slew the son of "þe erl of Surye"—*Syrin* that is, not *Surrey*—came to the court of the old King of Sarra, who left him the kingdom as a reward for his exploits.

In all this there is nothing about Glastonbury, not much about Britain at all. In the life printed by Wynkyn de Worde there is a good deal about Britain, but not much about Glastonbury; the antiquities of Glastonbury being simply referred to as an authority for the story. In this version the adventures of Joseph among Syrians and Saracens are cut very short; but we have a long account of the crossing of Joseph with a great company into Britain, including the silly legend according to which a large

body of them crossed the sea upon Joseph's shirt. In the short piece printed by Pynson the Sarra part of the story is left out altogether. Joseph and his son, not Galahad, but "Josef," go into "France" to St. Philip, whence Joseph and his son with ten others go to Glastonbury and there build a church or oratory of Our Lady. From this we get to the long life in verse also printed by Pynson, which is essentially a local piece, as in the last version the Eastern adventures are left out; but the King, Mordrayns, who seems to be the same as one of the persons spoken of in the Syrian story, plays a great part. As in the short life, he settles at Glastonbury with twelve other hermits, the place being granted to him by King Arrviragus. It is here called Aulonye, while in the other version it appears as Insuwyryn as well as Avalonia. Joseph, at the bidding of the Angel Gabriel, builds a chapel to Our Lady, and carves an image of Our Lady, which is said to be still in the church of Glastonbury. But the real interest of the piece lies in the account of the miraculous cures wrought by the power of St. Joseph at a time so soon before his final fall. The persons cured seem all to be from places in the neighbourhood, or at all events in the county of Somerset. Several are from Wells, as if their own St. Andrew were of less power than St. Joseph; and we may notice a reference to one of the finest of the ancient manor houses of the district in the cure of the wife of

John Lyght gentylman,
 Dwellynge besyde Ilchester at lyghtes care,

who should not have been described in the margin as "John Lyght of Ilchester." One story is curious, as it illustrates the practice by which gaolers extorted fees from their prisoners, even though they were acquitted:—

The XV day of Apryll one Robert Browne
 Of yeuell, that at ylchester was prysoner.
 He was deluyered by proclamatyon,
 And went to gader his fees for the kepar.
 The prysoner about his legges had a fetter.
 He prayed ioseph to help him, as he was not gilty,
 And sodenly the fetters sprange fro hym there
 In myddes of the market-place of Glastonbury.

The poem ends with general praises of Joseph and of Glastonbury, "the holiest earth of England." Besides the famous Glastonbury thorn there is a walnut-tree in the cemetery, hard by the place where King Arthur was found, which bears no leaves till the day of St. Barnabas. As for the thorns, we are told that if it was the nature of the nightingale to sing at Christmas, she might sing among the thorns at Werrall. The Glossary adds "*Werrall* is a local abbreviation of *Weary-all-Hill*, on the south ridge of which the tree grew." Now we conceive the case to be the exact opposite. Werrall is the true name for the hill which, in the days in which Avalon was a promontory, must have stood out much in the same way as Brean Down does in the Bristol Channel. The name is the same as the hundred of Wirrall in Cheshire, the *Wirrall* of the Chronicles at the time when the City of the Legions could be described as "a waste chester." *Weary-all-Hill* is simply one of those names formed by way of explanation to give a meaning to a word whose real meaning is forgotten. *Weary-all-Hill* is exactly analogous to the *Bull-and-Mouth*.

CHARLES BONER.*

WE fear that the first thought which will occur to many of our readers on seeing the title of this book will be that they have never heard of its hero. Perhaps, after they have read the book itself, they will be inclined to think that it would have been better for Mr. Boner's memory had their ignorance remained unbroken. The fault, however, as we hasten to add, is not in Mr. Boner himself, but in his biographer. His life was one of those which do not justify a public record, unless, indeed, the narrator has most unusual powers of style; it was not marked by any exciting incident, nor were his qualities so unusual as to give interest to an otherwise uneventful story. Still Mr. Boner was a man of great simplicity and nobleness of character, and of much literary talent. His book on chamois-hunting possessed a certain freshness, and showed a love of natural beauty which elevated it far above the ordinary run of sporting narratives. His account of Transylvania was able and interesting in a very high degree. The man himself was evidently possessed of a great power of attracting the sympathies of all whom he met, and amongst his friends he reckoned some of much intellectual eminence. But these circumstances are far from justifying the appearance of a formal biography. Everybody writes books now; and though everybody does not write good books, yet a good many people who die free from all fear of biographers have written books more widely known than Mr. Boner's. Neither should a man be put into a memoir because he is affectionate, simple, and truthful; these virtues are not so nearly extinct that every instance in which they occur requires to be chronicled; and indeed they are much more fitly rewarded by the unobtrusive regret of friends than by proclamation to the world at large. If, indeed, Mr. Kettle possessed that rare command of literary art which would enable him to draw a brilliant picture of a good and clever man without the help of any adventitious sources of interest, our gratitude to him might rise in proportion to the poverty of his materials. Unluckily we

* *Memoirs and Letters of Charles Boner.* Edited by R. M. Kettle. London: Bentley & Co. 1871.

are compelled to say that, so far from performing this feat, Mr. Kettle has succeeded in putting together, doubtless out of warm regard to his friend's memory, one of the most chaotic and rambling series of chapters that have recently dignified themselves with the name of a biography. He begins, as though he were intending to treat us to a regular biography in full old-fashioned form, with an account at some length of Mr. Boner's earlier years. Pecuniary losses sustained by his parents compelled Mr. Boner to become a tutor in the family of Constable the painter. So far, though some points are rather dimly stated, we can follow the story with tolerable satisfaction. Suddenly, however, we find, without quite understanding how it happened, that Mr. Boner has gone to Germany and become tutor in the family of Prince Turn and Taxis. Then the biography makes a start, and ten or twelve years are summarily knocked off in a single page. In a general way we gather that Mr. Boner took a great interest in German literature, did some literary work for English periodicals, and amused himself with chamois-hunting. We are told that he displayed such "energy and intrepidity in following the light-footed chamois over the crags and past the precipices of the Bavarian Tyrol, that the Edelweiss—that flower which can only be gathered by the boldest climbers from the margin of the glacier—frequently graced his labours." We almost regret to inform Mr. Kettle that this is a pleasing fiction; and that we could show him places where the Edelweiss may be gathered by the side of a comfortable carriage-road. Mr. Boner, though the contrary might be imagined from this amazing statement, was really an excellent mountaineer, whereas the sentence we have quoted is quite enough to show that Mr. Kettle's knowledge of the mountains is not of an intimate character. The worst of it is that this is only a specimen of the book in general. Mr. Kettle is not merely ignorant of Mr. Boner's favourite amusement, but he seems either to know very little, or to be willing to tell us very little, of the events of Mr. Boner's life. There may, of course, be reasons—we know nothing about it—why some matters which must have been of the highest importance to his hero should have been passed over in complete silence. If, however, Mr. Kettle has little to tell us, he had perhaps better have said nothing; and certainly he had better not have filled up the gap by the material actually employed. Nearly all the second volume is made up of letters written by Mr. Boner as Correspondent of a London newspaper in the last years of his life. There is a description of the coronation of the King of Hungary, of the meeting of the Emperors at Salzburg in 1867, of the funeral of the Emperor Maximilian, of the reception given to Cornelius at Munich, and so on. They are well written, and we remember reading some of them with pleasure when they first appeared. Still they are not in any sense biographical; they do not illustrate, that is, Mr. Boner's character or life; and they are precisely that kind of literature which, for the sake of the author and of the world, ought to be allowed to die when it has once appeared. They are made of just that material which is provided for us by the column every morning at breakfast-time; and, if they are a little better than ordinary, we feel sure that so modest a man as Mr. Boner would never have thought of publishing them in a form which implies some claim to permanent interest.

In short, to say the truth, there are only three or four pages of the biography which appear to us to be really interesting, though the propriety of their publication may be doubtful. They are letters from Mr. Boner's daughter, who is evidently not accustomed to literary composition in English, and who writes only a few lines expressive chiefly of her affection for her father. There is a simplicity and warmth of feeling about them which is touching, but which at the same time makes us feel that they would be more honoured if preserved by private friends than by being published to the world at large.

There is, however, one part of these volumes which is curious in itself, and which, as we cannot help suspecting, has been the real cause of the publication of the book. Mr. Boner, it seems, was a friend of Miss Mitford's, and preserved a good many of her letters written to him during a period of nearly twenty years. At the time of his death he had copied them out with a view to publication; and, though they will perhaps hardly convey the impression which he desired, they are certainly amusing in their way. We can only conjecture that Mr. Kettle, coming into possession of these letters, and thinking them scarcely sufficient for an independent work, put together the other memorials of his friend in order to form a kind of setting for these jewels. If we are wrong, we can only beg his pardon; but, if that was not his reason, it is the only plausible account we are able to give to ourselves of the book. The letters will be worth looking at by those who have read Miss Mitford's recently published correspondence. They bring out the weakest part of her character in a strong light, but there is a certain feminine vivacity about them which carries us along in spite, or partly in consequence, of an occasional disposition to smile at the author. They show us the vain, impetuous, gossiping literary lady at every line. Her vanity, indeed, is perhaps the most conspicuous quality; though it is a vanity at which it would be morose to take offence. She discusses, for example, the merits of her dramas with the most edifying seriousness, and with an evident conviction, which indeed is openly expressed, that she ought to have been a great tragic poet, instead of a painter of lady-like portraits of country life; and she looks forward to that distant time when the world will again see great actors, who will awake to the knowledge of the literary treasures that have been neglected by our generation. We fear that the time at which that

anticipation will be realized is even more distant than Miss Mitford supposed; but it would have been hard indeed to grudge her any satisfaction she might derive from the belief. Then she informs her correspondent that her last book, *Atherton*, had made a greater sensation than had been known for years. She repeats with delighted triumph the number of letters which she daily receives, and the warm eulogies which they contain. Turning to Mr. Boner's own effusions, she addresses him in a tone which increases our esteem for his humility, though we fear she must have given him occasional pangs. The giver and the recipient of the advice are related to each other much as an archbishop to a curate who has just taken orders. She gives him very frankly her reasons for thinking that the first chapter of his book on chamois-hunting—on which it is quite plain that poor Mr. Boner must have specially prided himself—was a complete failure; and tells him placidly that what he specially wants is life and spirit. Mr. Boner—and it is very creditable to him—seems to have taken all this in the best possible temper, but we fear that she must have unintentionally annoyed him still more by another remark. Mr. Boner, it is clear, had been very much pleased by some compliments which Wordsworth had paid to a pretty little poem of his; and Miss Mitford incidentally informs him that in such matters Wordsworth was an unmitigated humbug, and used to praise his visitors to their faces out of civility—the very thing he had done to Mr. Boner—whilst he never said a word behind their backs. And then, Miss Mitford's dashing criticisms of men and things are really amusing; her contempt, for example, for the stuff which she supposes Mr. Carlyle meant for humour, and which the world at large has pretty well agreed to accept for very fair specimens of the same, and her calm pooh-poohing of Andersen, of Miss Brontë, and of the Baroness Tauphous, are amusing in their way. But the oddest thing to read at the present moment is her enthusiastic admiration of that great and good man the Emperor Napoleon III. She is fairly carried away by her enthusiasm; she rejoices over the *coup d'état*: she admiringly quotes a friend who says that Louis Napoleon (this was in 1849) "is the impersonation of calm and simple honesty"; his character is simple, graceful, and manly; his habits of life are of Spartan simplicity, though in the most exquisite taste; and she describes, on the authority of Mrs. Browning, how one day, in 1851, he got out of his carriage with some difficulty, "for it was filled up to his waist with nosebags and petitions flung in through the open windows." Well, if Miss Mitford's zeal was not quite according to knowledge, there is something pleasant in its ardour; if she sometimes praises bad men, and laughs at her superiors, she at least speaks warmly—indeed, she sometimes speaks with extravagant eulogy—of her friends; and she is so cheerful, to all appearance, in the midst of much physical suffering and in old age, that we cannot but respect her courage and like her warmth of heart. Though her letters are not first-rate, even in a literary point of view, they are worth glancing through, which is a good deal more than we can conscientiously say of the book in which they are imbedded.

RICKARDS'S *ÆNEID*.*

IF modern translators of the classic poets would forbear to set forth in preface or introduction the reasons why they think their particular instrument of translation the best, it would be the most trustworthy proof of their modesty, at the same time that it would leave the critic room for unbiased judgment of their merit. Mr. Rickards, not practising such abstinence, assures his readers at the outset that he offers to the public a new attempt to render the *Æneid* into English verse with unfeigned diffidence; and yet it is hard to suppose that a veteran scholar, with something of a name in the fields of classic literature, would hazard his version in a *mêlée* of translations "where the best obtains possession of the field, and the unsuccessful sink into oblivion," did he not think that it had qualities in it to ensure its survival, or were his diffidence indeed so real as he professes it to be. There is some excuse for this sort of prefatory balancing of metres one with another, and of rhyme with unrhyme, in the case of Greek, Latin, or Poetry Professors; but the custom is getting tedious, and experience tends to show that it is the man rather than the measure, even in verse translations, who assures, or renders impossible, a successful issue. Besides, in the preface to the translation before us, it does not appear that "diffidence" has any more profitable result than to lead the author to pass over all but two of his predecessors *sub silentio*, and, looking upon Dryden and Conington as his "most formidable" competitors, to show cause why both of these should be bowed out of the field. With regard to Dryden, we have no desire to hold a brief. Old delight in reading him might still blind one to the truth that he represents himself rather than his original in his version of the *Æneid*, that he is not delicate enough of touch to handle the work of the most graceful of poets, and that his couplets and triplets confine the freedom of the Virgilian sense, and set a trap for interpolation, into which his inventive genius renders him only too happy to fall. But with the late Professor Conington it is otherwise. The sole "loose joint in the harness" of his translation, if it be a loose joint, is his Scottish ballad octosyllable measure, which offends many who were offended at it in Scott's hands, and still

* The *Æneid* of Virgil. Books I.-VI. Translated into English Blank Verse by G. K. Rickards, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

incurs the stigma of the epithets "jingling," "sing-song," "tripping," and so forth. It is said to be unequal to the task of reproducing in like limits and with like force the "grand sententious single lines" with which the *Æneid* abounds. It is said to fall short of "the sonorous volume, varied cadences, and finely adjusted rhythm of the great Mantuan," and to lower the key and tone of the work throughout. Now as to the eight-syllable measure, with its occasional sexsyllabic reliefs and variations, we hold that it is equal, as may be seen in *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and others of Sir Walter Scott's poems, to the general task of spirited narrative, lively dialogue, and even fiery question and answer. Mr. Conington, we think, has proved that, though he is obliged in using it to break up one line of the "proverbial philosophy"—if, *pace Virgilii*, we may so call his sententious single lines—into two, yet neither in force nor in extra quantity of syllables is the result so serious as might be apprehended. Not a few of our English proverbs exceed fourteen syllables, if you measure them; not a few run into a second verse. "Sonorous volume" cannot perhaps be claimed for the octosyllable, but against it may be set, as a good result of Conington's compromise for Virgil's Hexameter, the comparative freedom gained by his short lengths of line in representing the original, the sense of which often runs over the boundary of one, two, or three lines; and as to varied cadences, which Mr. Rickards claims for blank verse only or chiefly, we are at a loss to see where they can be found more markedly than in the octosyllable. But even were all these things not so, there would still remain in favour of Professor Conington's execution of his task—in other words, in favour of his instrument handled by a master of English and a master of Latin verse—the great gain and crowning excellence of a minimum sacrifice of either spirit or letter in his reproduction of the original author. When we recur to it—no matter whether to compare other translations with it, or to seek from it, without the trouble of reference to the notes in his commentary, his interpretation of, and insight into, a difficult passage—we are constantly more and more satisfied that no version of the *Æneid* in our tongue combines so thoroughly and so fully the mind, spirit, and letter of Virgil. As contrasted with him, we are bound to say that Mr. Rickards is nowhere; though had he not in his preface indirectly and perhaps unintentionally invited comparison, we might, as we shall endeavour to show in due course, have found merits in his work that place him above the average of translators. But his error, it strikes us, is one which might serve to illustrate the rhythmical adage, "Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim." Avoiding Dryden's fault of interpolating his own ideas amidst those of Virgil, he has run into the other extreme. In just horror of "enervating diffuseness," he has clipped and docked the original in suchwise that, after all, his arithmetical argument for the superiority of his own version—namely, that he has got Virgil's 4,755 lines into 5,410 of his own—is not a very astonishing retrenchment (considering how it is effected) over Mr. Conington's total, which is about 7,300. These figures represent, as will be seen by Mr. Rickards's calculation in p. xvi., the relative proportions of translators to original, *quâ* the first six books.

But we must adduce evidence in support of this. It may be found, as annotators would say, "*passim*." Does Virgil tell us in two hexameters why Dido's settlement was called Byrsa? Mr. Rickards conceives that the fact of our having an English word representing the result of the process which Virgil describes absolves him from giving the words of Virgil a full equivalent. Thus

*Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino possent quantum circumdare tergo* (I. 368)

is clipped into

*One hide of Libyan soil
They bought, hence Byrsa named.*

In the account of the sacking of Troy two lines and more of Latin are boiled down into one of English—*e.g.* (II. 364-5):—

*Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
Corpora perque domos, et religiosa decorum
Limina.*

Her streets, her fanes, her dwellings, piled with dead.

And in the same book Androgeos's discovery that he had mistaken foes for friends, "*Sensit medios delapsus in hostes*," is reduced to the bare, bald residuum, "*Knew us for foes*." One more instance of the ill results of this cutting and paring fashion may be cited from Dido's imprecation on her faithless lover and his followers, towards the end of the Fourth Book. Here, surely, a raging and wronged woman might claim no stint of words. The Latin runs:—

*Si tangere portus
Infandum caput, et terris adnare necesse est,
Et sic fata Jovis poscunt, hic terminus hæret.*—IV. 612-4.

It would occur to most persons that each several clause is important to meet every contingency, and to fasten the curse most surely. With Mr. Rickards all the change we get for it is:—

*If fate and stern necessity ordain,
This recreant chief should gain the Ausonian shore*

How different in its fulness is Conington's rendering—

*If needs must be that wretch abhor'd
Attain the port and float to land;
If such the fate of heaven's high lord,
And so the moveless pillows stand.*

Here the figurative expression for *terminus* in the last line is

justified by a consideration of what the ancients saw in that word and in the Greek *ὄρος*. Whilst we are engaged upon this famous malison of the love-lorn Queen, it is impossible not to note how comparatively deficient in force and spirit is Mr. Rickards's rendering of it as a whole, whereas Mr. Conington's measure and words are found equal to the occasion. There is a tame absence of fire in the conclusion of the passage as Mr. Rickards turns it, which the following extract will make perceptible to the most cursory reader:—

*Rise, some avenger, from my ashes rise!
To scourge with fire and steel this Dardan horde,
Now and in after times, as oft as power—
Gives reins to vengeance: battle to the last
Ye and your children's children—arms with arms
Confronting, shore with shore, and sea with sea.*—IV. 624-9.

This, in fact, is the defect under which, to our thinking, his version as a whole labours. It is equal to descriptive and narrative passages; it can turn single lines here and there with exceeding neatness. Take, for example, two such samples as the following:—

Noctem flammis funalia vincunt—I. 727.
And blazing cressets change the night to day.
Tacite per amica silentia Lunæ—II. 255.
Beneath the silent moon's befriending beam;

and not seldom a gnomic sentence is fairly reproduced, though we quarrel, for its crampedness, with the rendering of

Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes—II. 49.
Beware of gifts, when Greeks

Turn givers.

But, except perhaps where, in the Fifth Book, Gyas shouts to his helmsman, Menetes, and pitches him into the water, seizing the tiller himself—a passage which is exceptionally spirited—there is in the version before us a marked deficiency of life and power to rise above a formal and sedate level. To see it at its best we must join the cavalcade, where *Æneas* and Dido go a-hunting, at IV. 129-45:—

*Now from her ocean bed as Dawn arose,
Forth with the earliest light a youthful band
Pours from the palace gates, equipped for chase
With nets and snares and hunter's steel-tipped poles,
Keen-scented hounds and mounted Moorish grooms.
The queen within her chamber tarrying long
Her Tyrian courtiers at the gates attend:
Impatiently her palfrey champs the bit,
Proud of his crimson housings pranked with gold:
She comes at length, with all her courtly train,
In richly-broider'd vest of Tyrian dye;
Gold from her quiver's polished surface gleams,
Her vest is clasped, her hair is bound, with gold.
There, too, amid his Phrygian compeers blithe,
Lulus rides; but far surpassing all
In manly grace, *Æneas* joins the throng.
Fair as Apollo when from Xanthus' side
And plains of wintry Lycia he returns
Exulting to his native Delian isle,
Renews the sports and leads the dance once more,
While Dryopes and Cretans shout for joy,
And painted Agathyrsi hail their king.*

Or fancy ourselves with Dido in her night vigil, which is adequately represented by Mr. Rickards:—

*'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things;
The rustling woods, the sea's wild waves were still;
Their midway course in Heaven the planets kept;
Hush'd were the flocks, the flocks, the gay-plum'd birds
That skim the mere or haunt the bosky dell,—
All ceased their labours, and from carking care
Found welcome respite in the stilly night—
All, save unhappy Dido; she alone,
Sleepless in heart and eye, sad vigil kept:
Thick-coming cares distract her mind; now love,
With fiercer pangs reviving, storms her breast;
Now anger's wavering gusts in turn prevail.*

This last extract strikes us as particularly good, and we might, had we space, cite from the Sixth Book several passages wrought with as much care and success.

In the main, the present version—though far beneath Mr. Conington's in this as in other respects—will not mislead the student by misconceptions of the sense of the Latin. Confessedly hard and knotty bits like that in Book III. 684, 686, about the injunctions of Helenus as to Scylla and Charybdis, are met and mastered fairly by Mr. Rickards. It is more commonly on smooth ground that he trips—*e.g.*, where he fails to realize in I. 127 the pregnant force of the epithet in *placidum caput* said of Neptune about to quell the storm. "Head majestic" is both foreign to what Virgil meant and beneath the demands of the original. In II. 372 he wholly misconceives his author when he translates "*Atque ultro verbis compellat amicos*," "And chides as comrade might." There is nothing said or meant about chiding. Conington gives the plain meaning in his line, "And hails us thus in friendly tone." Again, in IV. 337, where *Æneas*, in reply to Dido, says, "*Pro re pauca loquar*," there can be no doubt that "*pro re*" is connected with "*pauca*," that the speaker means "he will reply briefly as circumstances demand, and that Conington satisfies the claims of the Latin when he translates—

Now hear my plea, fair queen, in brief.

Mr. Rickards, however, taking a less correct view of the meaning of "*pro re*," renders the words—

Brief answer for my cause I fain would make.

Nor again—to take one more instance—has he nicely realized the sense of Virgil where, in IV. 440, he says of Æneas, deaf to Dido's remonstrances, that

Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.

It is not a true presentment of the Latin words to render them—

And the stern god to pity steels his ears;

because "steeling" is a metaphor not implied in "obstruit," and because the epithet "placidas" refutes the notion of the hero's ears having no pity. Conington, as usual, distills the full essence of the Latin in his version:—

A hand above

His gentle ears makes deaf to love;

not denying the grace of pity to Æneas, and preserving its true force to "obstruit." In many like instances we might show the nicer touch of Professor Conington. If the vitality of Mr. Rickards's translation depended on the axiom of his preface, "that the best translation obtains possession of the field," and the rest "sink into oblivion," we should at once proceed to pay funeral rites to its ghost, and, in Virgilian fashion,

Bid with loud voice the buried shade farewell.

But as we rather hold that there is room for several versions of the Æneid, so long as each possesses characteristic merit of one kind or another, we bid him "live and let live," as a champion of one among several permissible mediums for translating Virgil.

LADY JUDITH.*

AFTER we had finished Mr. McCarthy's novel of *Lady Judith*, we found ourselves considering how far an author may go in improbabilities? Is he in any way bound by the doctrine of chances, or may he treat events as a professional gambler does cards, and shuffle them entirely to suit his own convenience? May he, just as a gambler makes the trump cards meet in his own hand, in like manner compel his chief characters accidentally to come together whenever the interests of the story require it? There must, we presume, be some limit for both author and gambler. The credulity of mankind has its bounds, and the heroes and heroines of a story, as well of a pack of cards, may find the coincidence of their too frequent assemblage attributed to design rather than to chance. Without having any experience of the card-sharper's gentry, we should imagine that those among them are the last to excite suspicion who least talk of their luck. When a man begins to exclaim at the extraordinary coincidences which favour him, at all events he testifies to their existence. In like manner in a novel, so long as an author remains silent and is not himself astonished at the coincidences which he creates, he may almost count on their entirely escaping the notice of his readers. It is not till he begins, like an old hen cackling over a new-laid egg, to let his readers into his secret, that they become aware that anything unusual has taken place. In the novel before us, for instance, heroes and heroines, villains and victims, had been like logs tossing about on the Atlantic, that now were cast up on remote shores, and now, washed off again, were carried along by a curious combination of currents till they met in the middle of the ocean, only to be once more separated and once more to come together. Still we had scarcely noticed how largely Mr. McCarthy was drawing on chance, till one of his characters, in accounting for his meeting in "the American desert" with the brother of a woman whom he had greatly wronged, cries out, "Chance!—no, I'll not call it chance; there's no such thing—led me to meet the brother who has now brought you here, and whom we call Paul." What it is that led to this and the other extraordinary meetings in which this book abounds neither the speaker nor the author informs us. The exclamation, however, set us reckoning up the number of those meetings, and we find that they are at least seven, of which the one before us is by no means the most remarkable. For, after all, the two men had one purpose in common. They had each wished, in their remorse, to flee from society, to leave no trace behind them, and to bury themselves in solitude. Naturally enough they each, unknown to the other, selected a place which "the reader may locate either in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada, according to his pleasure." One of the two had arrived there over the Atlantic from the East, the other had come by Greece, Damascus, Bagdad, China, and San Francisco from the West. They each were seeking for solitude; and when two people are looking for the same thing, they naturally enough come together. Moreover, the hero and the heroine were to all appearance hopelessly separated; and if only they could be brought together again, the reader would not have been unwilling to welcome a *deus ex machina* in his modern shape of a coincidence, had he not already come in so often as well to tie knots as to untie them.

The story opens with a tussle between two members of Parliament—Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Dysart—in Westminster Hall. A chance spectator of the quarrel is one Judge Aveling from the United States. The same night Mr. Scarlett and Mrs. Dysart disappear, and almost every one, except the villain Dysart, who is conscious of his wife's innocence, is convinced of her guilt. Mrs. Dysart had fled from her lover quite as much as from her brutal husband, and with her little girl had set off to find her brother in his solitude

"among the Wabsatch-Mountain valleys." The kind old Judge, when he hears of Mrs. Dysart's flight, hopes that she may not have any child to share in her shame. He learns that she certainly had had one, but that it may likely enough be dead. "Ah, let's hope so," he said. "It would be better so, surely. I don't like to think of a girl whose mother does not look frankly into her eyes. Let's hope the child is dead. Yes, yes; no doubt she is dead." His heart was tender towards children from the memory of his only one, whom he had lost. But his character will be better understood if we quote his own words:—

My wife and I are still only like a big schoolboy and schoolgirl. Nothing tires us or puts us out; and we are good company to each other. Then we have a restless fit always on us of late. In fact, since we lost our sweet little girl, our one only infant, my wife can't rest long anywhere; and no more can I. The moment we begin to feel as if we were settled and at home anywhere, we hear the patter of her little feet again; and we know she is dead.

This is very prettily told, but nevertheless it is a remarkable chance which leads the Judge in his wanderings to the very fort, west of the Mississippi, where Mrs. Dysart was just dying as they came up. They did not find out who she was, but they took her little orphan girl as their own. She, of course, is marked out as the heroine of the story, and, under the name of Isolind Aveling, has the reader, as well as the hero, in love with her. The night that Mr. Scarlett disappeared, his wife, Lady Judith, on her return home from a dinner-party, found a dirty ragged little orphan boy sleeping on her door-step, and a letter from her husband taking leave of her for ever. Excellent woman though she was, she was mostly answerable for her husband's desertion. She, "believing herself all virtue and religion," had never tried to understand his generous character, but had been "always coldly standing aloof from him and his ways." Now that she had driven him away, and so was deserted, "her grievance was her idol, and she offered up all her thoughts, words, and actions upon its shrine." If her husband was gone, she had at all events the dirty ragged little orphan to look after. She adopted him, and under the name of Angelo Volney he becomes the hero of the story. What reader can be so blind as not to see that when two orphans thus adopted are separated only by the Atlantic and the greater part of North America, when one is in the Rocky Mountains and the other "in one of the fashionable streets off Piccadilly," if only they can live through the measles and the other disorders of childhood, they are certain to marry? What more natural than that both should come, one from the North, the other from the West, to the Exhibition in Paris in 1867? Even there, however, they only exchange glances for a moment, and not a single word. The Atlantic again rolls between them, and the hero and the heroine, acquainted as they are with each other's eyes, but ignorant of each other's names, seem as far apart as ever. Happily young Englishmen travel. Angelo visits New York, and is at once taken by a friend to Judge Aveling's house. Chance, or whatever it is to be called, may now surely rest in their case, as, although it is early in the first volume, she would seem to have done her business. Unhappily there is a *diabolus ex machina* as well as a *deus*, who is quite as good at coincidences as his rival. He, seeing the young lovers so happy, the same night finds Isolind's real father, the villain Dysart, and brings him into the company. Though the father had never seen his child since she was quite an infant, yet he recognises her by her likeness to her mother. Under the threat of tearing her away from the Judge, he gets the poor old man completely into his power, and uses his money and his good name in his financial schemes. Isolind at last discovers her parentage, and overwhelmed with the shame that clings to her mother's name, refuses to marry Angelo unless it can be shown that her mother was innocent, and she herself not the child of shame. No one could prove this but Scarlett, and he had not been heard of for nearly twenty years. Happily Angelo, when roaming through America, gets nearly shot in San Francisco by two "rowdies." He is saved by a stranger, whose "face perplexed Angelo especially. He was tortured by the impression that it was like some face he knew well." He was Mrs. Dysart's brother, who had previously met with Scarlett in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. By his aid he finds Scarlett, and receives from him full proof of the innocence of Isolind's mother. Nay, moreover, he persuades the recluse to return with him to England, as he brings with him a message of affection from Lady Judith, whose self-righteousness had been cured by the sufferings and penance of three long volumes. Unhappily, on the eve of their departure, "a man mounted on a horse was seen galloping furiously towards the trees which sheltered the peaceful exiles." He was the villain Dysart, who had last been heard of in New York, but who again appeared just as he was not wanted. Recognising his old enemy Scarlett, though after an absence of twenty years, he at once shoots him, and quickly himself affords work for a hangman. Happily Scarlett had been warned by a prophet that he would never go away alive, and so had placed in Angelo's hand every document that was necessary to establish Mrs. Dysart's innocence. This last chance meeting was a little too much for us. Though Lady Judith's self-righteousness deserved the loss of her husband, and though Dysart's villainy deserved the gallows, still Scarlett might have been killed and Dysart hanged independently of each other.

It is a pity that there should be these gross improbabilities to mar a story that is otherwise clever and interesting. Though Lady Judith with her virtues, and Dysart with his vices, are at

* *Lady Judith*. A Novel. By Justin McCarthy, Author of "My Family's Daughter," "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1871.

times rather fatiguing, yet there is an agreeable variety of characters and incidents, and the story never drags long. Mr. McCarthy writes of American life like one who is altogether familiar with it, and his descriptions of places and people are those of a man who writes about what he has himself seen, and not merely heard of from others. In a word, *Lady Judith*, while it suffers from one or two of those extravagant faults which seem inseparable from the modern novel, has merits neither few nor small of its own to recommend it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is somewhat unusual to find an admiring biographer endeavouring to deprive his hero of his principal claim to reputation. Such is really the course adopted by Dr. Georg Zimmermann in his biography of J. H. Merck*, the friend of Goethe's youth, whose interest for posterity has hitherto almost solely depended upon the impression that he was to some extent the original of Mephistopheles. Dr. Zimmermann does not absolutely dispute the fact, but labours to mitigate the impression of Merck's character which it would naturally produce, by showing that he appeared in a very different light to many of his contemporaries, and that even our scanty materials for his history exhibit traces of a geniality inconsistent with the merely negative spirit ascribed to him by Goethe in his autobiography. We have little doubt that Dr. Zimmermann's view is in the main correct. The work of Goethe referred to contains at least as much *Dichtung* as *Wahrheit*, the imaginative element manifesting itself not so much in positive distortion of fact as in the poetical treatment of character. The poet cannot anxiously and accurately catalogue every subordinate trait; some must be omitted entirely, others grouped around the leading feature which gives tone and keeping to the picture, and which, in the artist's desire for picturesqueness of effect, frequently represents the whole of a character of considerable complexity. Although, then, sceptical and sarcastic irony was no doubt a leading trait of Merck's disposition, it requires to be supplemented by several others which Goethe, writing from an artistic point of view, kept in the shade. So far, the subject of Dr. Zimmermann's biography has benefited by his labours. Unfortunately his treatment is so confused, and his capacity for delineating character is so limited, that, instead of the distinct intelligible figure to which we have been accustomed, we obtain a mere list of characteristics, not easily combined into any definite whole. We learn that Merck conducted a literary journal which involved him in a succession of literary feuds; that he supported Wieland with a warmth which certainly argues the possession of considerable feeling; that he was a liberal encourager of art, and one of the earliest cultivators of paleontology; finally, that he embarked in a cotton factory—an undertaking little in keeping with the character of Mephistopheles—and, becoming embarrassed, tragically terminated his career in a manner more suggestive of Faust. Dr. Zimmermann seems divided between an exaggerated estimate of the importance of his task and misgivings as to its interest for the public; the first error has seduced him into extravagance, and the second into bookmaking. The rather scanty details of Merck's life are reinforced with long digressions respecting his acquaintances, such as Baron Möser and Sophie La Roche, the connexion of which with his own history is not very apparent, and which contain little that has not been told already. The number of remarkable contemporaries introduced is very great, but, as they are all considered in the light of their relation to Merck, the view presented of them is necessarily very limited and partial. This is especially the case as concerns Goethe.

A reprint of Adolph Stahr's *Weimar and Jena*† has received so many additions as to deserve a passing notice among new works. It may be described as a handbook to those renowned seats of culture from the point of view of their connexion with Goethe and Schiller; and it is composed so much in the spirit of Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, which, however, it preceded in date, that we sometimes fancy we are reading the same book. A collection of Herr Stahr's miscellaneous biographical essays‡, the first volume of a series of his minor writings, embraces much matter which, no doubt highly acceptable when and where it originally appeared, can hardly have been then designed for republication. The principal exception to this general sketchiness of treatment is an elaborate, but too partial, biography of Savonarola. A notice of Arnold Ruge also presents several features of interest. Tieck and Lamennais are among the subjects of the other essays.

Nobody, we imagine, now cares very much what Count Beust§ said or did in the affair of the Danish Principalities, and his participation in the events of 1866 is of little more practical importance. On the other hand, we should very much like to know the Count's opinion of his present position at Vienna, and whether he conceives that it presents any analogy to that of Peter Lebrecht in Tieck's story, who is represented as occupied in confining a multitude of rebellious crayfish in one basket, while his betrothed, a Prussian damsel, is making ready the pot. Count Beust, however,

is far too diplomatic to afford us any such insight into his policy. The little information we receive respecting his Austrian administration is of the most jejune character, while his "inspired" biographer is allowed to indemnify himself, but not us, by treating the purely historical portions of his hero's career with a prolixity proportioned to their want of interest. We are reminded of Figaro, and the restrictions under which he was permitted to be a journalist.

The impending political reconstitution of Bohemia imparts additional interest to the history of its ancient struggle for religious freedom. Herr Krummel*, the author of a good history of the Hussite reformation, develops more particularly in his present work the distinction between its two principal parties, the Utraquists and the Taborites. The former may be defined as comparatively Conservatives in politics and religion, who would have been satisfied with a reform of the administrative abuses of the Church, and the concession of communion in both kinds. The latter, so called from their camp on Mount Tabor, were the Puritans of Bohemia, who tended to break off from the Church of Rome altogether. The great Hussite chiefs, Ziska and Procopius, belonged to this party. After their death, the Utraquists obtained the upper hand, and it is to their spirit of compromise that the ultimate ruin of the Reformation in Bohemia is, in Herr Krummel's opinion, mainly to be ascribed.

Virtue, blowing her own trumpet, has seldom performed more vigorously than in the pages of Berthold Auerbach's little publication on the recovery of Alsace.† With the exception of some surprisingly candid admissions as to the light in which this transaction is regarded by the Alsations themselves, the book is devoted to national self-glorification in a style which leaves the much ridiculed *Chauvinisme* of France at an immeasurable distance.

While an accomplished man of letters thus brings ridicule on his native land, a plain man of business does it honour by undertaking the cause of a foreign Government against the interests of his own countrymen. In a series of articles on the Roumanian railroad question, Herr J. Hoppe‡ contends that the liability to pay interest to the shareholders pending the completion of the line does not rest with the Roumanian Government, but with the promoters of the undertaking. It does, indeed, appear that the Government have been to some extent compromised by the unauthorised acts of a dishonest agent (a German); and this consideration may probably induce them to make concessions which could not otherwise be looked for.

A very impartial and well-written estimate of the illustrious Gervinus, by Emil Lehmann, is chiefly devoted to the consideration of his character as a political thinker. It was, as is well known, the misfortune of this distinguished man, after a life devoted to the advocacy of Liberal principles, and especially to the endeavour to inspire his countrymen with the sentiment of national unity, to find himself completely out of harmony with popular sentiment at the very moment when the aspirations of his youth were in a measure realized, and the practical results of his exhortations were beginning to appear. As usual with ardent partisans, he identified the end with the means, and failed to recognise his own ideas when they were adopted by his political opponents. He had himself pointed out what he considered the true road to national glory and greatness, and he could not well brook seeing them attained by another. Want of mental flexibility, and pedantic attachment to a preconceived system, are venial faults in a Professor of sixty years of age; and the countrymen of Gervinus would act unjustly and ungratefully if they allowed them in any serious degree to qualify their regard for the generally sagacious and always indomitable patriot, whose historical and critical labours alone would sustain an exalted reputation.§

Vivere fortes ante Agamemnona. Alsace had a German literature even before the annexation, but for which transaction, however, the fact would hardly have become known. Herr Neubauer's|| *brochure* on the subject is by no means uninteresting; it is only unfortunate that so little of a distinctively Alsatian, or even German, character should attach to the authors he enumerates. The epigrams of Götz, the fables of Pfeffel, and the narratives of Nicolai merely reflect the literary taste of their day, which was much more Gallic than Teutonic. If we had to produce a point of intellectual contact between the two banks of the Rhine, we should rather seek it in the free, acute, and unprejudiced researches of the Protestant School of Theology at Strasburg.

An edition of the collected writings of Varnhagen von Ense¶ is a welcome accession to the library of standard literature. Varnhagen is one of the few modern writers who can be regarded as strictly classical, whose value does not depend more on the intrinsic importance of their matter than on the symmetry of their arrangement and the finish of their style. Such qualities are absolutely essential in biography, the class of composition to which

* *Utraquisten und Taboriten. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der böhmischen Reformation im 15. Jahrhundert.* Von L. Krummel. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Wieder Unser. Gedankenblätter für Geschichte dieser Tage.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

‡ *Dr. Stroussberg und Consorten etc.* Von J. Hoppe. Berlin: Graue. London: Nutt.

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|| *Die deutsche Literatur im Elsaß.* Von Heinrich Neubauer. Darmstadt: Zernin. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Ausgewählte Schriften.* Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner.

* *Johann Heinrich Merck. Seine Umgebung und Zeit.* Von Dr. Georg Zimmermann. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Nutt.

† *Weimar und Jena.* Von Adolf Stahr. 2 Bde. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Kleine Schriften zur Literatur und Kunst.* Von Adolf Stahr. Bd. 1. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Friedrich Ferdinand, Graf von Beust. Sein Leben und vornehmlich staatsmännisches Wirken.* Bd. 2. Leipzig: Wöller. London: Nutt.

Varnhagen principally dedicated his powers. The collection is opened by his own excellent autobiography.

Adalbert Merx's translation of Job * is not deficient in spirit, and, as no philological aid has been wanting, ought to be correct. It is prefaced by an elaborate and interesting essay on the scope, date, and textual condition of the poem. Like most recent expounders who have approached it rather from the ethical than from the theological or purely critical point of view, Herr Merx regards it as a protest against the current Eudæmonism of the author's countrymen—a view strongly supported by its general tendency until the conclusion, which is difficult to reconcile with it, unless we suppose the writer to have been actuated by the prudential motives which, as Herr Merx acutely remarks, led him to avoid a collision with the Mosaic code by laying the scene of his action in Edom or Arabia. Herr Merx shows that the book of Job was known to Jeremiah, and he concludes that, from allusions to religious innovations introduced in the author's time, the date may with considerable probability be referred to about B.C. 700. The most remarkable of his textual criticisms is the not very plausible conjecture that some instances of tautology, usually stigmatized as interpolations, represent the author's own original draughts of the passages in question, which have been preserved and incorporated with the work.

Dr. Hergt's Geography of the Holy Land † contains in a narrow compass not merely a compendium of its physical and political geography, but also an historical summary, an account of its natural products, and other useful particulars. The little manual is calculated to be very servicable.

The only fault to be found with Herr Teuffel's essays on classical literature ‡ is one not frequently imputable to the productions of German intellectual industry, being that of undue brevity. Most of them seem to have been originally produced under circumstances of time or space excluding a very thorough treatment of the topics discussed, and, being reprinted without alteration, they have rather the appearance of mere hints and sketches for more elaborate productions. The most thorough in execution are those relating to two of the most interesting of the later Greek writers, the Emperor Julian and the historian Procopius. The criticism on the theological and philosophical views of the latter—a man of sound sense well-nigh submerged in an epoch of abject superstition—is particularly able. Julian, also, is ably vindicated against the epithet of *Romantiker*, applied to him by Strauss for the sake of annoying the late King of Prussia. In fact Julian's defect was rather poverty than excess of imagination. A short biography of Cicero contains a spirited and not unjust character of the orator. In an essay on Tibullus, the spuriousness of the Third Book of the Elegies attributed to him is strongly maintained. In one on Petronius, the reign of Nero is assigned as the date of the composition of the *Satyricon*. Professor Teuffel seems not to be acquainted with the exceedingly full discussion of this interesting literary problem by Mr. Charles Beck, in the sixth volume of the Transactions of the American Academy, where the date is referred to the end of the reign of Augustus or the beginning of that of Tiberius. The fullest of all the essays is on a modern writer, whose genius, however, had something of an antique cast, the unfortunate Hölderlin. There is also an interesting memoir of Schwegler, the most laborious of German scholars, who will probably be best remembered by his masterly "Compendium of the History of Speculative Philosophy," but whose ambition was bent on being the historian of Rome, and who literally perished in the attempt.

Dr. Herzog's essay on the formation and development of the Greek and Latin languages §, though inevitably replete with grammatical technicalities, is nevertheless in great part intelligible to readers of ordinary culture, and is everywhere recommended by its elegance of literary workmanship. The writer's purpose is to trace the operation of two influences—the universal tendency of language to lose its inflections and become barbarized by the wear and tear of ordinary use, and the counteracting effect of civilization in perpetually originating new ideas and suggesting more exquisite refinements of thought and feeling, tasking the utmost resources of speech for their adequate expression.

Dr. Woermann || examines the in some respects kindred subject of the development of the appreciation of natural beauty among the ancients. He does not dissent from the generally accepted view that Homer and the tragic poets are only interested in external nature in so far as it affects the convenience of man, and that the progress beyond this purely human and utilitarian view observable in writers of the Alexandrian and Roman epochs did not extend to the admiration of natural beauty or grandeur for their own sake, apart from all considerations of human comfort or advantage. Direct communion with nature as an intelligent being is confessedly a very recent development so far as Europe is concerned,

though traces of it might probably be found in the literature of India. From a sort of bibliography of the subject prefixed to Dr. Woermann's essay, we gather that he is unacquainted with the famous passage on the subject in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, as well as with the able essay of Mr. Cope, who has anticipated few indeed of his quotations, but nearly all the conclusions which they are adduced to establish. It is not unusual to find German scholars doing over again work which has been already performed in England.

The first volume of Dr. C. Lemcke's history of modern German poetry * might almost as well be described as a history of ancient German poetry, the bards who figure in it being more remote from modern sympathies than the author of the ever fresh *Niebelungen*. The style of German poetry, from Opitz to Klopstock, was in general framed upon French and Italian models utterly unsuitable to the national genius. In their attempts to emulate these, the poets too generally fell into the most outrageous bombast, which, in strange alliance with a dull, didactic vein even more repulsive, constituted the leading characteristic of German poetry until a complete revulsion of taste was accomplished through the discovery of Shakspeare and Milton. It may be said with truth that England simultaneously gave poetry to Germany and philosophy to France. The country was at the same time beginning to recover from the long lethargy occasioned by the Thirty Years' War, and soon the victories of Frederick the Great completed the revival of the national spirit, and insured it against mental subjugation to France or Italy for the future. Many writers during the period of Egyptian bondage were not deficient in original genius. Angelus Silesius was a truly inspired religious poet, Opitz was a man of the most versatile powers, Weckherlin a lyrical of intense energy; there is something imposing even in the artificial periwigged rhetoric of Hoffmannswaldau and the second Silesian school. Dr. Lemcke has given a readable account of these and a legion of other forgotten writers, and his criticisms are in general distinguished by taste and sound judgment. Towards the end of his volume he arrives at the more grateful subject of the revivers of literature, Bodmer, Haller, and Hagedorn; his account of Gottsched is also very good.

George Heseckel, whether as biographer or novelist, is a sound, practical, mechanical writer, who is sure to produce substantial work without any trace of artistic refinement or poetic inspiration. His "Queen's Captain" †, an historical romance of the wars of the League, is a good specimen of this kind of intellectual carpentry. The properties are unimpeachable, the proprieties carefully observed; the representation of a dramatic period wants nothing that knowledge and industry can supply, but it does want everything else. It has, however, the advantage of reality over such romantic, yet conventional, delineations of society as Madame von Hillern's "Physician of the Soul" ‡, which have neither the charm of invention nor that of veracity.

* *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung neuerer Zeit*. Von Dr. C. Lemcke. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Kapitän der Königin*. Roman. Von Georg Heseckel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

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